

Robin Hood's GARLAND.

Being a Compleat

HISTORY

Of all the Notable and Merry **EXPLOITS**
perform'd by Him and his Men on divers Occasions.

To which is added,

A **PREFACE**, giving a more full and particular
Account of his Birth, &c. than any hitherto
publish'd.



I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound
To hit the Mark aright, although
It were for Fifteen Hundred Pound :
Doubt not, I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold *Robin Hood*.

lorn'd with Twenty-seven neat and curious
UTS, proper to the Subject of each **SONG**.

London : Printed by *M. Edwards* at the *Globe*,
Without *Newgate*, 1746.



TO ALL
Gentlemen ARCHERS

THIS Garland has been long out of Repair,
Some Songs b'ing wanting, of which we g
Account ;
For now at last, by true industrious Care,
The Sixteen Songs to Twenty Seven we mount
Which large Additions needs must please, I kno
All the ingenious Teomen of the Bow.

To read how Robin Hood and Little John,
Brave Scarlet, Stutely, valiant, bold and fre
Each of them bravely, fairly play'd the Man
While they did reign beneath the Green Wood T.
Bishops, Friars, likewise many more,
Parted with their Gold, for to encrease their S.
But never would they rob or wrong the Poor.

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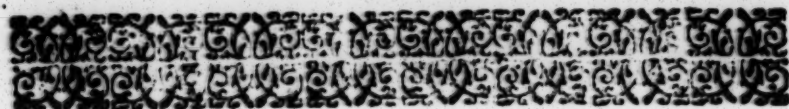
The PREFACE to the READER:

TH E R E is scarce any Story so little known, for one so very popular, as that of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*. Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of 'em as fabulous, and believe 'em, like the Heroes and Gods of *Homer* and *Ovid*, to have existed no where, but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion only of a few unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but that they are grossly mistaken, is very certain: For *King Richard* the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruined himself, and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a War against the *Infidels* in the *Holy Land*, where he went in Person. The intestine Troubles of *England* were very great at that Time; and even *John*, the King's Brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take Possession of his Kingdom. This was an Opportunity, which the *Outlaws* and *Banditti* would by no Means neglect; and *England* was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst these, none made so considerable a Figure as *Robin Hood*; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in *Yorkshire*; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of *Nottingham*. Besides *Little John*, he had an hundred Bow men in his Retinue. But none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the Good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he seldom abused those he robb'd; and never offered to stop, or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done his Country in War. But having riotously spent his Estate, he took to that Way of Living; rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to

The P R E F A C E.

live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. *Hubert*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and Chief Justiciary of *England*, endeavouring all he could to suppress these Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of *Robin Hood*; and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their Attempts proved fruitless. Force he repell'd by Force, and Art by Cunning; till at length falling sick, he went, in order to be the better taken Care of, to *Birkleys*, a Nunnery in *Yorkshire*, where he desired to be let Blood; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great Temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to Death, about the latter End of 1195. As to the following Song, with which we shall begin this Collection, I think I need not say any Thing in Commendation of it; being the most beautiful and one of the oldest Extant, written on that Subject. One Thing we must observe in reading it, and that is, between some of the Stanza's we must suppose a considerable Time to pass. *Clorinda* might be thought a forward Girl, if, between *Robin Hood's* Question and her Answer, we did not suppose two or three Hours to have been spent in Courtship: And between *Robin Hood's* being entertained at *Garnwell Hall*, and his having Ninety three Bow men in *Sherwood*, we must allow some Years. I know not how our Criticks will relate this; but I would have 'em remember, that our Poets of old scorn'd to curb the Poetick Fire to give way to dull Rules. They had no tedious Comment upon *Aristotle* to consult, no *Bossus* nor *Dun* to guide them, or, at least, they had too much Spirit to be guided by them. Their Works were the first Flight of a lively Imagination; and Poets were looked upon like other *Englishmen*, born to live and write with Freedom. Rob

This Book printed in 1746



Robin Hood's Garland, &c.



The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of
Robin Hood, with *Clorinda*, Queen of
Titbury Feast.

*Supposed to be related by the Fidler, who play'd
 at their Wedding.*



KIND Gentlemen, will you be patient a-while?
 Ay, and then you shall hear anon,
 A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
 And of his Man, brave Little John.
 In Locksly Town in merry Nottinghamshire
 In merry sweet Locksly Town;
 There bold Robin Hood he was born and bred,
 Bold Robin of Famous Renown.
 The Father of Robin a Forrester was,
 And he shot a lusty Strong Bow.

Two

Two North Country Miles and an Inch at a Shot,
 As the Pindar of Wakefield does know.
 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
 And William a Clowdelle,
 To shoot with our Forester for forty Marks,
 and the Forester beat them all three.
 His Mother was Niece to the Coventry Knight,
 which Warwickshire Men call Sir Guy ;
 For he slew the blue Boar that hangs up at the Gate,
 or mine Host of the Bull tells a Lie.
 His Brother was Gamwel of great Gamwel Hall,
 a noble House-keeper was he,
 Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
 and a Squire of famous Degree.
 The Mother of Robin said to her Husband,
 my Honey, my Love, and my Dear ;
 Let Robin and I ride this Morning to Gamwel,
 To taste of my Brother's good Cheer.
 And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle Joan ;
 take one of my Horses, I pray ;
 The Sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,
 for To morrow is Christmas Day.
 Then Robin Hood's Father's grey Gelding was bro't,
 and saddl'd and bridl'd was he ;
 God wot, a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
 and a Cloak that did reach to his Knee.
 She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
 they were of a light Lincoln Green ;
 The Cloth was home spun, but for Colour and Make
 it might have besecmed our Queen.
 And then Robin got on his Basket hilt Sword,
 and a Dagger on his t'other Side ;
 And said, my dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,
 we have forty long Miles for to ride.
 When Robin had mounted his Gelding so grey,
 his Father, without any Trouble,
 Set he^r up behind him, and bad her not fear,
 for his Gelding had oft carried double.

And

And when she was settled, they rode to their Neigh-
and drank, and shook Hands with them all (bours,
And then Robin gallop'd and never gave o'er,
'till they 'lighted at Gamwel-Hall,
And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire,
was joyful his Sister to see :
For he kiss'd her, and kiss'd her, and swore a great
Thou art welcome, kind Sister to me. (Oath,
Thou Morrow when Mass had been said in the Chapel
six Tables were covered in the Hall ;
And in comes the 'Squire and makes a short Speech,
it was, Neighbours, you're welcome all,
But not a Man here, shall taste my March Beer,
'till a Christmas Carol he does sing ;
Then all clapt their Hands, and they shouted and
'till the Hall and the Parlour did ring, (sung,
Now Mustard and Braun, Roast Beef and Plumb Pie,
were set upon every Table ;
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
and drink too as long as you're able.
When Dinner was ended, his Chaplain said Grace ;
and, be merry, my Friends, said the 'Squire ;
It rains, and it blows ; but call for more Ale,
and lay some more Wood on the Fire,
And now call ye Little John hither to me,
for Little John is a fine Lad
At Gambols and Juggling, and Twenty such Tricks,
as shall make you both merry and glad.
When Little John came, to Gambols they went,
both Gentlemen, Yeomen, and Clown ;
And what do you think ? Why, as true as I live,
bold Robin Hood put them all down.
And now you may think the right worshipful Squire
was joyful this Sight for to see ;
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'lt go no more home,
but tarry and dwell here with me.
Thou shalt have my Land when I die ; and 'till then
thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.

Then

Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said Robin,
 that Little John may be my Page.
 And he said, Kind Cousin, I grant thee thy Boon ;
 with all my Heart, so let it be.
 Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood ;
 come hither, my Page unto me,
 Go fetch me my Bow, my longest long Bow,
 and broad Arrows, one, two, or three ;
 For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into Sherwood,
 some merry Pastime to see.
 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
 he winded his Bugle so clear ;
 And twice five and twenty good Yeomen and bold,
 before Robin Hood did appear.
 Where are your Companions all, said Robin Hood ?
 for still I want Forty and three.
 Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
 all under a green Wood Tree.
 As that Word was spoke Clorinda came by ;
 the Queen of the Shepherds was she ;
 And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Grass,
 and her Buskin did reach to her Knee :
 Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was strait,
 and her Countenance free from Pride ;
 A Bow in her Hand, a Quiver and Arrows
 hung dangling by her sweet Side :
 Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her Hair,
 and her Skin was as smooth as Glass ;
 Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too ;
 sets with Robin Hood such a Lafi ?
 Says Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away ?
 oh whither, fair Lady, away ?
 And she made him answer, To ill a fat Buck ;
 for To-morrow is Titbury Day.
 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
 a little to yonder green Bow'r ;
 There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
 of a Brace, or a Lease, in an hour.

Robin Hood's Garland.

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And as we were going towards the green Bow'r,
two Hundred good Bucks we espy'd ;
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
and she shot him through Side and Side.
By the Faith of my Body, said bold Robin Hood,
I never saw Woman like thee ;
And com'st thou from East, or com'st thou from West
thou need'st not beg Ven'son of me.
However, along to my Bow'r you shall go,
and taste of a Forrester's Meat :
And when we came thither, we found as good Cheer
as any Man needs for to eat.
For there was hot Ven'son, and Warden Pies cold,
Cream clouted, and Honey-Combs plenty ;
And the Servitors they were, beside Little John,
good Yeomen at least Four and Twenty.
Clorinda said, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir.
and he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood.
'Squire Gamwel's my Uncle ; but all my Delight
is to dwell in merry Sherwood :-
For 'tis a fine Life ; and 'tis void of all Strife.
so 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd.
But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
if Clorinda would be my Bride !
She blush'd at the Motion ; yet, after a Pause,
said, Yes, Sir, and with all my Heart.
Then let us send for a Priest, said Robin Hood,
and be marry'd before we do part.
But she said, it may not be so, gentle Sir,
for I must be at Titbury Feast ;
And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome Guest.
Said *Robin Hood*, Reach me that Buck, Little John
for I'll go along with my Dear ;
And bid my Yeomen kill six Brace of Bucks,
and meet me To-morrow just here.
Before he had ridden five Staffordshire Miles,
eight Yeomen that were too bold,

Robin Hood's Garland.

Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his Buck :
 a truer Tale never was told.
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin : Come John,
 stand to me, and we'll beat them all.
 They both drew their Swords, and so cut 'em and
 that Five of the Eight did fall : flash'd 'em,
 The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for Quarter,
 and pitiful John begg'd their Lives :
 When John's Boon was granted, he gave them good
 and so sent them Home to their Wives, (Counsel
 This Battle was fought near to Tisbury Town,
 when the Bag-pipes baited the Bull :
 I am King of the Fiddlers, and swear 'tis a Truth ;
 and I call him that doubts it a Gull ;
 For I saw them a fighting, and fiddl'd the while ;
 and Clorinda sung, ' Hey derry down !
 The Bumpkins are beaten ; put up thy Sword, Bob,
 ' and now let's dance into the Town.
 Before we came to it we heard a strange Shouting,
 and all that were in it look'd madly ;
 For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Morrice,
 and some singing, Arthur a Bradley,
 And there we saw Thomas our Justice's Clerk,
 and Mary, to whom he was kind ;
 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary Madam,
 and kiss'd her full sweetly behind ;
 And so may your Worships. But we went to Dinner
 with Thomas, and Mary, and Nan :
 They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
 bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.
 When Dinner was ended, Sir Roger the Parson
 of Dabbridge was sent for in haste :
 He brought his Mass-Book, and had them take hands
 and he join'd them in Marriage full fast.
 And then, as told *Robin Hood* and his sweet Bride,
 went hand in hand to the green Bow'r ;
 The birds sung with Pleasure in merry Sherwood,
 and 'twas a most joyful hour.

And

Robin Hood's Gayland.

11

And when Robin came in Sight of the Bow'r ;
where are my Yeomen ? said he,
And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder they stand,
all under the green Wood Tree
Then a Garland they brought her, by two and by
and plac'd them at the Bride's head : (two,
The Musick strack up, and we all fell to dancing,
'till the Bride and the Groom were a bed.
And what they did there, must be Counsel to me,
because they lay long the next Day ;
And I made haste home ; but I got a good Piece,
of the Bride-Cake, and so came away,
Now out, alas ! I had forgotten to tell ye,
that marry'd they were with a Ring ;
And so will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a Maiden :
and now let us pray for the King,
That he may get Children, and they may get more,
to govern, and do us some good :
And then I'll make Ballads in Robin Hood's Bow'r
and sing 'em in merry Sherwood.



Robin

Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham, in which
he slew Fifteen Forresters.

To the Tune of, Bold Robin Hood, &c.



ROBIN HOOD was a tall young Man,
Derry, derry down,
And Fifteen Winters old,
And Robin Hood was a proper young Man,
Of Courage stout and bold :
Hey down, derry, derry down.
Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
with the General for to dine ;
There was he aware of Fifteen Forresters
drinking Beer, Ale and Wine.
What News, what News ? said bold Robin Hood.
What News saidst thou wouldst thou know ?
Our King hath provided a Shooting-Match,
and I'm ready with my Bow.
We hold it in Scorn, said the fifteen Forresters
that ever a Boy so young

Should

Should bear a Bow before our King,
that's not able to draw one String.
I'll hold you twenty Marks, said bold *Robin Hood*,
by the Leave of our Lady,
That I'll hit the Mark an hundred Rod,
and I'll cause a Hart to die.
We'll hold you twenty Marks, then said the Forresters
by the Leave of our Lady,
Thou hit not the Mark an hundred Rod,
nor cause an Hart to die.
Robin Hood he bent up a noble good Bow,
and a broad Arrow he let fly ; —
He hit the Mark an hundred Rod,
and caused an Hart to die.
Some say, he broke Ribs one or two ;
and some say, he broke three :
The Arrow in the Hart would not abide,
but it glanc'd in two or three.
The Hart did skip, and the Hart did leap,
and the Hart lay on the Ground :
The Wager is mine, said bold *Robin Hood*,
if it were for a Thousand Pound.
The Wager's none of thine, said the Forresters,
altho' thou be'st in haste ;
Take up thy Bow, and get thee hence,
lest we thy Sides do baste.
Robin Hood took up his noble good Bow,
and his broad Arrows all amain ;
And *Robin*, b'ing pleas'd, began for to smile,
as he went over the Plain.
Then *Robin* he bent his noble good Bow,
and his broad Arrows he let fly,
'Till Fourteen of the Fifteen Forresters
upon the Ground did lie.
He that did this Quarrel first begin,
went tripping over the Plain ;
But *Robin Hood* bent his noble Bow,
and fetch'd him back again.

You

You said I was no Archer, said *Robin Hood*,
but say so now again ;
With that he sent another Arrow,
which split his Head in twain.
You have found me an Archer, said bold *Robin Hood*
which will make your Wives for to bring,
And wish that you never had spoke the Word,
that I could not draw one String.
The People that lived in fair Nottingham,
came running out amain,
Supposing to have taken bold *Robin Hood*,
with the Forresters that were slain,
Some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,
and some did lose their blood ;
But Robin he took up his noble good Bow,
and is gone to the merry green Wood.
They carry'd these Forresters to fair Nottingham,
as many there did know :
They digg'd them Graves in their Church-Yard,
and they bury'd them all in a Row.





*Robin Hood and the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield.
Shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will
Scarlet, and Little John, a long Summer's Day.*

To an Excellent Northern Tune.



I*N Wakefield* there lives a Jolly Pinder,
in *Wakefield* all on a Green,
in *Wakefield* all on a Green;
There is neither Knight nor 'Squire, said the Pinder
nor Baron so bold,
nor Baron so bold,
Dare make a Trespass on the Town of *Wakefield*,
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold.
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold.
All this he heard Three witty young Men,
'twas *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*;
With that they espy'd the Jolly Pinder,
as he sat under a Thorn.
Now turn again, now turn again, said the Pinder,
for a wrong Way you have gone;

For

For you have forsaken the King's Highway,
 and made a Path over the Corn.
 O that were a great Shame, said Jolly Robin ;
 we being Three, and thou but One.
 The Pinder leap'd back then Thirty good Foot,
 'twas Thirty good Foot and one ;
 He leaned his back fast unto a Thorn,
 and his Foot against a Stone ;
 And there he fought a long Summer's Day,
 and a Summer's Day so long,
 Till that their Swords on their broad bucklers,
 were brok'n fast unto their Hands.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold *Robin Hood*
 and my merry Men every one ;
 For this is one of the best Pinders,
 that ever I try'd with a Sword.
 And wilt thou now forsake thy Pinder's Craft,
 and live in the green Wood with me ?
 At Michaelmas next, my Covenant comes out,
 when every Man gathers his Fee,
 Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
 and plod to the green Wood with thee.
 Hast either Meat or Drink, said Robin Hood,
 for my merry Men and me ?
 I have both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
 and good Ale of the best :
 And that's Meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
 for such unbidden Guests.
 O wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's Craft,
 and go to the green Wood with me ?
 Thou shalt have a Livery twice in the Year,
 One Green, t'other Brown shall be
 At Michaelmas Day were once come and gone,
 and my Master had paid me my Fee,
 Then would I set as little by him,
 as my Master doth by me.

Robin



Robin Hood and the Bishop: Shewing how Robin went to an Old Woman's House, and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the Bishop: And how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



COME Gentlemen all, and listen a while,
With a hey down, down, and a down.
 And a Story to you I'll unfold;
 I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,
 when he robb'd him of his Gold.
 As it fell out on a Sun-shining Day,
 when Phœbus was in his Prime,
 Bold Robin Hood, that Archer good
 in Mirth would spend some Time,
 And as he walked the Forest along,
 some pastime for to spy,
 There was he aware of a proud bishop,
 and all his Company.

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6

What

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
if the bishop he doth take me ?

No Mercy he'll shew unto me I know ;
therefore, away I will flee.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,
and a little House there did he 'spy
And to an old Wife, to save his Life,
he aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou, said the old Woman,
come tell it to me for good ?

*I am an Outlaw, as many do know
my Name it is Robin Hood :*

*And yonder's the Bishop and all his Men ;
and if that I taken be,*

*Then Day and Night he'll work my Spite,
and hanged I shall be.*

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old Woman,
as thou dost seem to be,

I'll for thee provide, thy Person to hide.
from the Bishop and his Company.

For I remember one Saturday Night,
thou brought'st me both Shoes and Host,
Therefore I'll provide, thy Person to hide
and keep thee from thy Foes.

Then give me soon thy Coat of Grev,
and take thou the Mantle of Green ;
Thy Spindle and Twine unto me resign,
and take thou my Arrows so keen.

And when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,
he went strait to his Company,

With his Spindle and Twine, he oft looks behind,
for the Bishop and his Company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
that now comes over the Lee ?

An Arrow at her I will let fly,
so like an old Witch looks she.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood
and shoot not thy Arrow so keen ;

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I am Robin Hood, thy Master good,
as quickly shall be seen.
The Bishop he came to the old Woman's House,
and he called with a furious Mood:
Come let me see, and bring unto me,
that Traytor Robin Hood.
The old Woman set on a Milk-white Steed,
himself on a dapple Grey;
And for Joy he had got Robin Hood,
he went laughing all the Way.
But as they were riding the Forrest along,
the Bishop he chanc'd for to see
A hundred brave Bowmen, stout and bold,
stand under the green Wood Tree.
O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
that's ranging within yonder Wood?
Marry, says the old Woman, I think it to be,
a Man called Robin Hood.
Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,
weich I have here with me?
Why, I am a Woman, thou Cuckoldly bishop,
lift up my Leg and see.
Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
that ever I saw this Day.
He turn'd him about; but Robin so stout,
call'd to him, and bid him stay,
Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
and ty'd him fast to a Tree:
Then Little John smil'd his Master upon,
for Joy of his Company.
Robin Hood took his Mantle from his back,
and spread it upon the Ground,
And out of the bishop's Portmanteau he
soon told Five Hundred Pound.
Now let him go, said Robin Hood.
said Little John, That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a Mass,
before that he goes from me.

Then

Robin Hood's Garland.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 and bound him fast to a Tree,
 And made me sing a Mass, God wot,
 To him and his Yeomandree.
 And then they brought him through the Wood,
 and set him on his dapple Grey,
 And gave him the Tail within his hand,
 and bid him for Robin Hood pray.



*Robin Hood and the Butcher. Shewing how he
 robbed the Sherif of Nottingham.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME all ye brave Gallants and listen a while,
 With a key down, down; and a down.
 That are in this bower within;
 For of bold Robin Hood, that Archer good,
 a Song I intend to sing.
 Upon a Time it chanced so,
 told Robin in the Forrest did spy,

A jolly

Robin Hood's Garland

21

A jolly butcher, with a fine Mare
with his flesh to the Market did hie.
Good-morrow, good Fellow, said jolly Robin,
what food hast? tell unto me,
Thy Trade unto me tell, and where thou dost dwell
for I like well thy Company.
The butcher he answered jolly Robin,
no Matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my flesh to sell,
What's the price of thy flesh? said jolly Robin,
come, tell it soon unto me,
And the Price of thy Mare, be she never so dear,
for a butcher I fain would be.
The Price of my Flesh, the butcher reply'd,
I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny Mare, and they are not dear;
four Marks thou must give unto me.
Four Marks I will give thee, said Jolly Robin;
four Marks it shall be thy fee:
The Money come count, and let me mount;
for a butcher I fain would be.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
his butcher's Trade to begin;
With a good Intent, to the Sheriff's he went,
and there he took up his Inn.
When other butchers did open their Shops,
bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to sell he knew not well;
for a butcher he was but young.
When other butchers no Meat could sell,
Robin he got both Gold and fee;
For he sold more Meat for one Penny,
than others could do for three.
But when he sold his Meat so fast,
no butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more Meat for one Penny,
than others could do for five:
Which made the butchers of Nottingham
to study as they did stand;

Saying,

Saying, Surely he was some Prodigal,
that had sold his Father's Land.
The butchers stopped to jolly Robin, |
acquainted with him for to be ;
Come, brother, one said, we be all of one Trade ;
come, will you go dine with me.
Accus'd be the heart, said jolly Robin,
that a butcher will deny ;
I will go with you, my brethren true
and as fast as I can hie.
But when to the Sheriff's house they came
to Dinner they hied apace ;
And Robin Hood he the Man must be.
before them all to say Grace.
Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,
and our Meat with'n this Place
A Cup of Sack so good, will nourish our blood
and so I end my Grace.
Come fill us more Wine, said jolly Robin,
let us be merry while we stay ;
For Wine and good Cheer, be it never so dear
I vow I the reckoning will pay.
Come, brothers, be merry said jolly Robin,
let's drink and never give o'er ;
For the Shot I will pay, e'er I go my way,
if it cost me five Pounds or more.
This is a mad blade, the butchers then said,
says the Sheriff, he is some Prodigal,
That some Land has sold for Silver and Gold,
and now doth mean to spend all.
Hast thou any horn'd beasts the Sheriff then sai
good Fellow to sell to me.
Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.
And an hundred Acres of good Free Land
if you please it for to see ;
And I'll make you as good assurance of it
as ever my Father made me.

The

The Sheriff he saddled his good Palfrey,
and took three hundred Pounds in Gold ;
And away he went with bold Robin Hood,
his horned beasts to behold.
Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride
to the Forest of merry Sherwood ;
Then the Sheriff did say, God bless us this Day,
from a Man they call Robin Hood.
But when that a little further they came,
bold Robin he chanced to 'spy
An hundred head of good fat Deer
come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.
How like you my horn'd beasts, good Master Sheriff
they be fat and fair to see.
I tell thee, good Fellow I would I were gone
for I like not thy Company:
Then Robin did set his horn to his Mouth.
and blew out blasts three ;
Then quick and anon, there came Little John
and all his Company.
What is your Will, Master, then said Little John,
I pray come tell unto me.
I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottingham,
this Day to dine with thee.
He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay ;
I know he has Gold, if it were but well told,
will serve us to drink a whole Day.
Then Robin took his Mantle from his back
and laid it upon the Ground ;
And out of the Sheriff's Portmanteau he
foon told five hundred Pound.
Then Robin he brought him through the Wood,
and set him on his dapple Grey :
O have me commended to your Wife at home,
so Robin went laughing away.

Robin



Robin Hood *and the Tanner* : Or, Robin Hood
met with his Match.

To the Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



IN Nottingham there lives a Jolly Tanner,
With a hey down, down, and a down.
 His Name is Arthur a Bland ;
 There is never a 'Squire in Nottinghamshire
 dare bid bold Arthur to stand.
 With a long Pike-Staff upon his Shoulder,
 so well he can clear his Way,
 By two and by three he makes them to flee,
 for he hath no List to stay.
 And as he went out in a Summer Morning,
 into the Forest of merry Sherwood,
 To view the red Deer, which run here and there,
 there met he bold *Robin Hood*.
 As soon as bold Robin did him espy,
 he thought he some Sport would make ;
 Therefore

Therefore out of hand, he bid him to stand,
 and thus unto him he spake :
 Why, who art thou, thou bold Fellow,
 that range'st so boldly here ?
 In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a Thief,
 that comes to steal our King's Deer.
 For I am a Keeper in this Forrest,
 the King puts me in Trust
 To look to his Deer, that range here and there ;
 therefore stop thee I must.
 If thou beest a Keeper in this Forest
 and hast such a great Command ;
 Yet you must have more Partakers in store
 before that you make me to stand.
 No, I have no more Partakers in store
 or any that I do need :
 But I have a Staff of another Oak-Graft
 I know it will do the Deed.
 For thy Sword and thy Bow I care not a Straw
 nor all thy Arrows to boot ;
 If thou get'st a Knock upon thy bare Scop
 thou can'st as well ih—: as shoot.
 Speak cleanly, good Fellow, said Jolly Robin
 and give better Terms unto me ;
 Else I'll thee correct for thy Neglect,
 and make thee more mannerly.
 Marry gap with a wanian, quoth Arthur a Bland,
 art thou such a goodly Man ?
 I care not a Fig for thy looking so big ;
 mend yourself where you can.
 Then *Robin Hood* unbuckled his Belt
 and laid down his Bow so long ;
 He took up his Staff of another Oak-Graft,
 that was both stiff and strong.
 I yield to thy Weapon, said jolly Robin,
 since thou wilt not yield to mine ;

For I have a Staff of another Graft,
not half a Foot longer than thine.
But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
before we begin the Fray;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine
for that will be counted foul Play.
I pass not for Length, bold Arthur reply'd,
my Staff is of Oak so free;
Eight Foot and a half, it will knock down a Calf,
and I hope it will knock down thee.
Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
but gave him a very good Knock;
Quickly and soon the blood it run down,
before it was Ten o'Clock.
Then Arthur soon recover'd himself,
and gave him a Knock on the Crown,
That from every Side of *Robin Hood's* Head,
the blood it run trickling down.
Then *Robin Hood* raged like a wild Boar,
as soon as he saw his own Blood,
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,
as if he had been cleaving of Wood.
And about, and about, and about they went,
like to wild Boars in a Chase;
Striving to aim each other to maim,
Leg, Arm, or any other Place.
And Knock for Knock they lustily dealt,
which held for two Hours or more,
That all the Wood rang, at every Bang,
they ply'd their Work so sore.
Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin Hood*,
and let our Quarrel fall;
For here we may thrash our Bones all to mash,
and get no Coin at all.
And in the Forest of merry Sherwood,
hereafter thou shalt be free.

God

God ha' Mercy for nought, my Freedom I bought
 I may thank my good Staff, and not thee.
 What Tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin
 good Fellow, I prithee me shew ?
 And also me tell, in what place you dwell ?
 for both of these fain would I know.
 I am a Tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
 in Nottingham long have I wrought ;
 And thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,
 I'll Tan thy Hide for nought.
 God ha' Mercy, good Fellow, said Jolly Robin,
 since thou art so kind and free,
 And if thou wilt Tan my Hide for nought,
 I'll do as much for thee.
 And if thou'lt forsake thy Tanner's Trade,
 to live in the green Wood with me ;
 My Name is *Robin Hood*, I swear by the Wood,
 to give thee both Gold and Fee.
 If thou be *Robin Hood*, bold Arthur reply'd
 as I think well thou art ;
 Then here's my hand, my Name's Arthur a Bland
 we two will never part :
 But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John ?
 of him fain would I hear ;
 For we are ally'd, by the Mother's Side,
 and he is my Kinsman near.
 Then *Robin Hood* blew on the Bugle Horn,
 he blew both loud and shrill ;
 And quickly anon he saw Little John,
 come tripping down the green Hill.
 O what is the Matter, then said Little John
 Master, I pray you tell ;
 Why do you stand with your Staff in your Hand
 I fear all is not well.
 O Man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand
 the Tanner that stands me beside,

He

He is a bonny Blade, and Master of his Trade,
 for he soundly hath Tann'd my Hide.
 He is to be commended then said Little John
 if he such a Fear can do:
 If I be so stout, we will have a Bout,
 and he shall tan my Hide too.
 Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said Robin Hood,
 for as I do understand,
 He's a Yeoman good, and of thy own Blood,
 for his Name is Arthur a Bland.
 Then Little John threw his Staff away
 as far as he could fling,
 And run out of Hand to Arthur a Bland,
 and about his Neck did cling,
 With loving Respect, there was no Neglect,
 they were neither nice nor coy:
 Each other did see, with a lovely Grace
 and both did weep for Joy.
 Then Robin Hood took them both by the hands,
 and danced about the Oak-Trees:
 For three merry Men, and three merry Men,
 and three merry Men we be.
 And ever hereafter as long as we live,
 we three will be as one,
 The Wood it shall ring, and the old Wife beg,
 of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.



Robin

Robin Hood rescuing the three Squires from Nottingham Gallows.



OLD Robin Hood ranging the Forest all round,
 The Forest all round rang'd he,
 there did he meet with a gay Lady,
 she came weeping along the Highway.
 Why weep you, why weep you, bold Robin he said,
 what weep you for Gold, or Fee,
 do you weep for your Maidenhead
 that is taken from your Body.
 Weep not for Gold, this Lady reply'd,
 neither do I weep for Fee,
 do I weep for my Maidenhead,
 that is taken from my Body.
 What weep you for then, said jolly Robin,
 prithee come tell unto me?
 I do weep for my three Sons;
 for they are condemned to die.

What

What Church have they robb'd, said jolly Robin
 or Parish Priest have they slain;
 What Maids have they forced against their Will,
 or with other Mens Wives have they lain.
 No Church have they robb'd this Lady reply'd,
 nor Parish Priest have they slain,
 No Maids have they forced against their Will,
 nor with other Mens Wives have they lain.
 What have they done then, said jolly Robin,
 come tell me most speedily;
 Oh! its all for killing the King's Fallow Deer,
 and they are all condemned to die.
 Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
 get you home most speedily,
 And I will then to fair Nottingham go,
 for the Sake of the Squires all three.
 Then Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,
 for Nottingham Town goes he;
 Oh! there did he meet with a poor Beggar Man,
 he came creeping along the Highway.
 What news, what news, thou old Beggar Man,
 what news, come tell unto me?
 O there is weeping and wailing in fair Nottingham
 for the Death of the Squires all three.
 This Beggar Man had a Coat on his Back,
 'twas neither Green, Yellow or Red,
 Bold Robin Hood thought it no disgrace
 for to be in the Beggar Man's stead.
 Come pull off thy Coat you old Beggar Man,
 and you shall put on mine;
 And forty good Shillings I'll give thee to boot,
 besides Brandy, good Beer, Ale and Wine,
 Till Robin then, unto Nottingham came,
 unto Nottingham Town came he,
 O there did he meet with great master Sheriff
 aye, and likewise the Squires all three

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Robin Hood's Garland.

31

One Boon, one Boon, says Jolly Robin,
one Boon I beg on my knee ;
That as for the Deaths of the three Squires
their hangman I may be,
Soon granted, soon granted, says great master Sheriff
soon grant it I will unto thee ;
And you shall have all their gay Cloathing,
aye, and all their white Money,
O I will give none of their gay cloathing,
nor none of their white Money,
But I'll have three Blasts on my Bugle Horn
that their Souls to Heaven may flee.
Then Robin Hood mounted the Gallies so high,
were he blew both hal and shrill,
Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's Men,
came marching down the Green Hill,
Whose Men are all these, says great Master Sheriff,
whose Men are they tell unto me ?
They are all mine, but none of thine,
And they're come for the 'Squires all three
Take them, O take them, says great Master Sheriff
take them along with thee
there's never a Man, in Nottingham,
that can do the like of thee.



Robin



Robin Hood and the Jolly Tinker.

Tune of, In Summer Time.



I*N Summer Time when Leaves grow green,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And Birds sing on every tree,
 Hey down, a down, a down
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
 down, a down, a down,
 As fast as he could dree,
 Hey down, a down, a down.
 And as he came to Nottingham,
 a Tinker he did meet,
 And seeing him a lussy Blade
 he did him kindly greet.
 Where dost thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood
 I pray thee now me tell.*

See

Robin Hood's Garland.

23

Sad News I hear there is Abroad,
I fear all is not well.
What is that News, the Tinker said,
tell me without Delay?
I am a Tinker by my Trade,
and do live at Banburay.
As for the News, quoth Robin Hood,
it is but as I hear,
Two Tinkers they were set i'th' Stocks,
for drinking Ale and Beer.
If that be all, the Tinker said,
as I may say to you,
Your News it is not worth a Far,
since that they all be true.
For drinking of good Ale and Beer,
you will not lose your Part.
No, by my Faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my Heart.
What News Abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
tell me what thou dost hear?
Being thou go'st from Town to Town,
some News thou need'st not fear.
All the News I have, the Tinker said,
I hear it is for good;
It is to seek a bold Outlaw,
which they call Robin Hood.
I have a Warrant from the King,
to take him where I can;
If you can tell me where he is
I will make you a Man.
The King would give an Hundred Pounds,
that he could but him see;
And if we can but now him get,
it will serve thee and me.
Let me see the Warrant, said Robin Hood,
I'll see if it be right,

E

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And I will do the best I can,
 for to take him this night.
 That will I not, the Tinker said,
 none with it will I trust,
 And where he is, if y'u'll not tell,
 take him by Force I must.
 But Robin Hood perceiving well
 how then the Game would go.
 If you will go to Nottingham
 we shall find him, I know.
 A Crab-Tree Staff the Tinker had,
 which was both good and strong;
 Robin he had a good strong Blade;
 and so they went both along.
 And when they came to Nottingham,
 there they took up their Inn;
 And they called for Ale and Wine,
 to drink it was no Sin.
 But Ale and Wine they drank so fast,
 that the Tinker he forgot
 What Thing he was about to do,
 it fell so to his Lot,
 That while the Tinker fell asleep,
 Robin made haste away,
 And left the Tinker in the Lurch,
 for the great Shot to pay.
 But when the Tinker did awake,
 and saw that he was gone,
 He called out then for his Host,
 and thus he made his Moan,
 I had a Warrant from the King,
 which might have done me good,
 That is to seek a bold Outlaw,
 some call him Robin Hood.
 But now the Warrant and Money's gone,
 nothing I have to pay;

Robin Hood's Garland:

35

And he that promis'd to be my Friend,
is gone and fled away.
That Friend you speak of, said the Host
they call him Robin Hood;
And when that he first met with you,
he meant you little Good.
Had I but known it had been he,
when that I had him here,
The one of us should have try'd our Might,
which should have paid full dear.
In the morn Time I will away,
no longer here I'll hide,
But I will go and seek him out,
whate'er me betide.
But one Thing I would gladly know,
what here I have to pay:
Ten Shillings just, then said the Host;
I'll pay without Delay.
Or else take here my Working-Bag,
and my good Hammer too,
And if I light but on the Knave,
I will then soon pay you.
The only Way, then said the Host,
and not to stand in Fear,
Is to seek him amongst the Parks,
killing of the King's Deer.
The Tinker he then went with Speed,
and made the no Delay
Till he had found brave Robin Hood,
that they might have a Fray.
At last he spy'd him in a Park,
hunting then of the Deer:
What Knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
that doth come me so near?
No Knave, no Knave, the Tinker said,
and that you soon shall know,

Whether

Whether of us have done any Wrong,
 my Crab-Tree Staff shall show.
 Then Robin drew his gallant Blade,
 made then of trusty Steel;
 But the Tinker he laid on so fast
 that he made Robin reel.
 Then Robin's Anger did arise,
 he fought right manfully,
 Until he made the Tinker
 the almost fit to fly.
 With that they laid about again
 and ply'd their Weapons fast
 The Tinker thrash'd his Bones so sore,
 that he made him yield at last.
 A Boon, a Boon, then Robin cry'd
 if thou wilt grant it me:
 Before I do it, the Tinker said,
 I'll hang thee on this Tree.
 But the Tinker looking him about,
 Robin his Horn did blow;
 Then came unto him Little John,
 and Will Scadlock also.
 What is the Matter quoth Little John,
 you sit in the Highway side.
 Here is a Tinker that stands by,
 that hath well paid my hide.
 That Tinker then, said Little John,
 for that Blade would I see,
 And I would try what I can do,
 if he'll do as much for me.
 But Robin he then wish'd them both,
 they would the Quarrel cease,
 That henceforth we may be as one
 and ever live in Peace,
 And for the jovial Tinker's part,
 a Hundred Pound I give,

Robin Hood's Garland

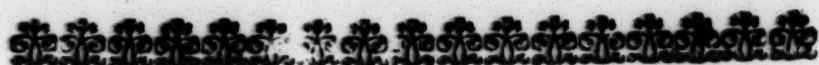
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In a Year to maintain him on,
as long as he doth live.
In Manhood he is a mettlesome Man,
and a Mettle Man by Trade;
I never thought that any Man
should have made me so afraid.
And if he will be one of us,
we will take all one Fare,
And whatsoever we do get,
he shall have his full Share.
So the Tinker he was content
with them to go along,
And with them a Part to take;
and so I end my Song.



This Book printed
in the Year 1746

Robin



Robin Hood and Allen a Dale : Or, *The Manner of Robin Hood's rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to Allen a Dale, her former Love.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood in the Green Wood.*



COME listen to me you Gallants so free
 And you that love Mirth for to hear,
 And I will tell you of a bold Outlaw,
 That lived in Nottinghamshire,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.
 As Robin Hood in the Forest stood,
 All under the green Wood Tree.
 There was he aware of a brave young Man
 as fine as fine might be.
 The Youngster was cloathed in Scarlet red
 in Scarlet fine and gay :

And

And he did trisk it over the Plain,
and chaunted a Round-de-
As Robin Hood next Morning stood,
amongst the Leaves so gay,
There did he spy the same young Man,
come drooping along the Way.
The Scarlet he wore the Day before,
it was clean cast away ;
And every Step he fetch'd a Sigh,
alack and a well-a-dav.
Then stepped forth brave Little John,
and Midge the Miller's Son,
Which made the young Man bend his Bow
when as he see them come.
Stand off, stand off, the young Man said,
what is your Will with me ?
You must come before our Master strair,
under yon green Wood Tree.
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin ask'd him courteously,
O hast thou any Money to spare
for my merry Men and me ?
I have no Money, the young Man said,
but five Shillings and a Ring ;
And that I have kept these seven long Years,
to have it at my Wedding.
Yesterday I should have married a Maid,
but she from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old Knight's Delight,
whereby my poor Heart is slain.
What is thy Name, then said Robin Hood,
come, tell me without any fail ?
By the Faith of my Body, then said the young Man,
my Name it is Allen a Dale.
What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,
in ready Gold or Fee ;

To

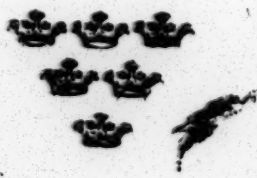
To help thee to thy true Love again,
and deliver her unto thee ?
I have no Money, then quoth the young Man,
no ready Gold or Fee ;
But I will swear upon a Book,
thy true Servant to be.
How many Miles is it to thy true Love,
come, tell me without any Guile ;
By the Faith of my Body, then said the young Man,
it is but five little Mile.
Then Robin he hasted over the Plain,
he did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the Church
Where Allen should keep his Wedding.
What dost thou here, the Bishop then said,
I prithee now tell unto me ;
I am a bold Harper, quoth Robin Hood,
and the best in the North Country.
O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop then said,
that Musick best pleaseth me :
You shall have no Musick, quoth Robin Hood,
'till the Bride and the Bridegroom I see.
With that came in a wealthy Knight,
which was both grave and old ;
And after him a finikin Lasse
did shine like the glittering Gold.
This is not a fit Match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
that you do seem to make here ;
For since we are come to the Church,
the Bride shall chuse her own Dear.
Then Robin Hood put his Horn to his Mouth,
and blew Blasts two or three:
Then Four and Twenty Bowmen bold,
came leaping over the Lee.
And when they came into the Church Yard,
matching all on a Row ;

The

Robin Hood's Garland.

4

The first Man was Allen a Dale,
to give bold Robin his Bow.
This is thy true Love, Robin he said,
young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at the same Time,
before we depart away.
That shall not be the Bishop he said;
for thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three Times ask'd in the Church,
as the Law is of our Land.
Robin Hood pull'd off the Bishop's Coar,
and put it upon Little John,
By the Faith of my Body, then Robin he said
this cloth doth make thee a Man.
When Little John went to the Quire,
the People began to laugh:
He ask'd them seven Times in the Church,
lest three Times should not be enough,
Who gives this Maid? said Little John,
quoth Robin Hood, that do I;
And he that doth take her from Allen a Dale,
full dearly shall her buy.
And thus having ended this merry Wedding,
the Bride she look'd like a Queen;
And so they return'd to the merry green Wood,
amongst the Leaves so green.



Robin



Robin Hood and the Shepherd: Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd, fought a sore Combat.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



ALL Gentlemen, and Yeomen good;
Down, a down, a down;
 I wish you to draw near;
 For a Story of bold Robin Hood,
 Unto you I will declare;
Down, a down, a down.
 As Robin Hood walked the Forest along,
 Some pastime for to 'spy,
 There was he aware of a jolly Shepherd,
 that on the Ground did lie.
 Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
 and now come let me see
 What is in thy Bag and thy Bottle, I say,
 come, tell it unto me.

What

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

43

What hast thou to do with my Bottle and Bag?

Let me see thy Command.

My Sword that hangeth by my Side,

Is at my Command I know;

Come let me taste of thy Bottle,

Or it may breed thee Woe,

The Devil a Drop, thou proud Fellow

Of my Bottle thou shalt see,

Untill thy Valour here be try'd,

Whether thou'lt fight or flee.

What shall we fight for? said *Robin Hood*,

Come tell it soon unto me;

Here's Twenty Pounds in good red Gold,

Win it and take it thee.

The Shepherd stood all in a Amaze,

And knew not what to say;

I have no Money, thou proud Fellow,

But Bag and Bottle I will lay.

I am content, thou Shepherd Swain,

Ring them down on the Ground,

But it will breed the mickle Pair

to win my Twenty Pound.

Come, draw thy Sword, thou proud Fellow

thou standest too long to prate;

This Hook of mine shall let thee know

a Coward I do hate.

So they tell to it full hard and fore,

it was on a Summer's Day,

From Ten 'till Four in the Afternoon,

the Shepherd held him in Play.

Robin's Buckler proved his chief Defence,

and saved him many a Bang;

For every blow the Shepherd gave,

made Robin's Sword cry Twang

Many

44 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Many a sturdy Blow the Shepherd gave,
 And that bold *Robin* found,
 'Till the Blood ran trickling from his Head,
 Then he fell to the Ground.
 Arise, arise, thou proud Fellow,
 And thou shalt have fair Play,
 If thou wilt yield before thou go,
 That I have won the Day.
 A Boon, a Boon, cry'd bold *Robin*,
 If that a Man thou be,
 Then let me have my Bugle Horn,
 And blow out Blasts thre,
 Then said the Shepherd to bold *Robin*,
 To that I will agree ;
 For if thou should'st blow 'till To-morrow Morn,
 I scorn one Foot to flee.
 Then *Robin* he set his Horn to his Mouth,
 And he blew with Might and Main,
 Until he 'spied *Little John*
 Come tripping over the Plain.
 Who is yonder, thou proud Fellow
 that comes down yonder Hill ?
 Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's Man,
 shall fight with thee thy Fill.
 What is the Matter, said *Little John*,
 Master, come tell unto me ;
 My Case is bad, said Robin Hood,
 for the Shepherd hath conquer'd me.
 I am glad of that, cries *Little John*,
 Shepherd, turn't thou to me ;
 For a Bout with thee I mean to have,
 either come fight or flee.
 With all my Heart, thou proud Fellow,
 for it never shall be said,
 That a Shepherd's Hook, at thy sturdy Look,
 will one Jot be dismay'd.

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So they fell to it full hard and sore,
Striving for Victory.
I will know, says *John*, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.
The shepherd gave *John* a sturdy Blow,
With the Hook under his Chin ;
Beshrew thy Heart, saith *Little John*
Thou basely dost begin.
Nay, that is nothing, said the Shepherd,
either yield to me the Day,
Or I will bang thee Back and Sides,
before thou goest thy Way.
What dost thou think, thou proud Fellow,
that thou can'st conquer me ?
Nay, thou shalt know before thou go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.
Again the Shepherd laid on him,
the Shepherd he begun :
Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly *Robin*,
I will yield the Wager won.
With all my Heart, said *Little John*,
to that I will agree ;
For he is the Flower of Shepherds Swains,
the like I ne'er did see.
Thus have you heard of *Robin Hood*,
also of *Little John* ;
How a Shepherd Swain did conquer them :
the like was never known.

*The Famous Battle between Robin and
Guy of Gisborne, near Fountain-Dale.*

To a Northern Tune.



IN Summer Time, when Leaves grow green,
and Flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry Men,
were all disposed to play.
Then some would leap, and some would run,
and some would use Artillery :
Which of you can a good Bow draw,
a good Archer to be ?
Which of you now can kill a Buck ?
or who can kill a Doe ?
Or who can kill an Hart of Greece,
five hundred Foot him free.
Well Scadlock he did kill a Buck,
and Midge he kill'd a Doe ;

And

Robin Hood's Garland.

47.

And Little John kill'd an Hart of Greece,
five hundred Foot him fro.
God's blessing on thy heart, said *Robin Hood*
that shot such a shot for me ;
I would ride my horse an hundred Miles,
to find one could match thee
The Curtal Fryar in Fountain Abby,
well can a strong Bow draw,
He will beat you and your Ycome
set them all on a Row.
Robin Hood took a solemn Oath,
it was by Mary tree,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
'till the Fryar he did see.
Robin Hood put on his harness good,
and on his head a Cap of Steel
Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,
and they became him weel.
He took his Bow into his hand
it was of a trusty Tree,
With a Sheaf of Arrows by his Side,
and to Fountain Dale went he.
And coming to fair Fountain Dale,
no further would he ride ;
There was he aware of a Curtal Fryar,
walking by the Water-side.
The Fryar had a Harness good,
and on his head a Cap of Steel,
Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,
and they became him weel.
Robin Hood lighted from off his Horse,
and ty'd him to a Thorn ;
Carry me over the Water then Curtal Fryar,
or else thy Life's forlorn.
The Fryar took *Robin Hood* on his Back,
deep Water he did bestride.

And

And spake neither good Word nor bad,
till he came on the other side.
Lightly stept Robin off the Fryar's back,
the Fryer said to him again,
Carry me over the Water, thou fine Fellow,
or it shall breed thy Pain.
Robin Hood took the Fryar on his back,
deep Water he did bestride,
And spoke neither good Word nor bad,
till he came on on the other Side
Lightly leap d the Fryar off *Robin Hood's* Back,
Robin said to him again,
Carry me over the Water thou Curtal Fryar,
or it shall breed thy Pain.
The Fryer took *Robin Hood* on his Back again,
and stept up to the Knee,
till he came to the middle Stream
neither good nor bad spoke he.
And coming to the middle Stream,
there he threw Robin in;
And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine Fellow,
whether thou wilt sink or swim,
Robin Hood swam to a Bush of Broom,
the Fryer to a Willow Wand,
Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to Shore,
and took his own Baw in his hand.
One of the best Arrows under his belt,
to the Fryar he let fly.
The Curtal Fryar with his Steel Buckler,
did put his Arrow by.
Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine Fellow,
shoot as thou hast begun;
If thou shoot here a Summer's Day,
thy Mark I will not shun.
Robin Hood shot so passing well
till his Arrows were all gone

They

They took their Swords and Steel Bucklers,
 they fought with Might and Main,
 From Ten o'th' Clock that very Day,
 'till Four i'th' Afternoon;
 Then *Robin Hood* came on his Knees
 o'th' Fryar to beg a Boon.
 A Boon, a Boon, thou Curtal Friar,
 I beg it on my Knee:
 Give me Leave to set my Horn to my Mouth
 and to blow Blasts three.
 That I will do, said the Curtal Friar,
 of thy Blasts I have no doubt;
 I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
 'till both thy Eyes drop out.
Robin Hood set his Horn to his Mouth
 and blew out Blasts three;
 Half a Hundred Yeomen with their Bows bent,
 came ranging over the Lee.
 Whose Men are these, said the Friar,
 that come so hastily?
 These are mine, said *Robin Hood*
 Friar, what's that to thee?
 A Boon, a Boon, said the Curtal Friar;
 the like I gave to thee;
 Give me Leave to set my Fist to my Mouth,
 and to whute Whites three.
 That will I do, said *Robin Hood*;
 or else I were to blame;
 Three Whites in a Friar's Fist
 would make me glad and fain.
 The Friar he set his Fist to his Mouth,
 and whuted him Whites three;
 Half a Hundred good bay Dogs,
 came running over the Lee.
 Here is for every Man a Dog,
 and I myself for thee:

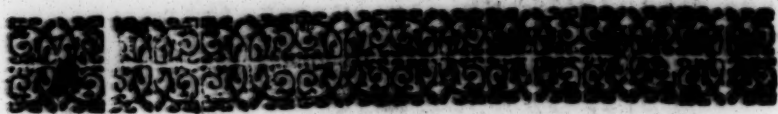
Robin Hood's Garland.

Nay, by my faith, said *Robin Hood*,
 Friar, that may not be.
 Two Dogs at once to Robin did go,
 the one behind, and the other before ;
Robin Hood's Mantle of *Lincoln Green*,
 off from his back they tore.
 And whether his Men shot East or West,
 or they shot North or South ;
 The Curtal Dogs so taught they were,
 they caught the Arrows in their Mouth.
 Take up thy Dogs, said Little John,
 Friar, at my bidding thee ;
 Whose Man art thou, said the Curtal Friar,
 come here to prate to me ?
 I am Little John, *Robin Hood's* Man,
 Friar, I will not lie :
 If thou take not up thy Dogs anon,
 I'll take them up and thee.
 Little John had a Bow in his hand,
 he shot with Might and Main ;
 Soon half a Score of the Friar's Dogs,
 lay dead upon the Plain.
 Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the Curtal Friar,
 thy Master and I will agree ;
 And we will have now Orders taken
 with all the haste that may be.
 If thou wilt forsake *fair Fountain-Dale*,
 and *Fountain-Abby* free,
 Every Sunday throughout the Year,
 a Noble shall be thy fee.
 Every Sunday throughout the Year
 changed shall thy Garments be ;
 And if thou wilt to *fair Nottingham*,
 and there remain with me.
 The Curtal Friar had kept *Fountain-Dale*,
 seven long Years and more ;

Robin Hood's Garland.

51

There was neither Knight, Lord, nor Earl,
could make him yield before.



*Robin Hood newly Reviv'd : Or His Meeting and
Fighting with his Cousin Scarlet.*

To a new Tune.



COME listen a while, you Gentlemen all,
With a Hey down, down, and a down,
That are in this Bower within ;
For a Story of gallant Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin.
What time of Day quoth Robin Hood,
quoth Little John, 'tis in the Prime ;
Why then we will to the Green Wood gang,
for we have no victuals to dine.
As Robin waded the Forest along,
as as in the midst of the Day.

There

There was he aware of a dext young Man,
 as ever walk'd on the Way.
 His Doublet was of Silk he said,
 his Stockings like Scarles shone;
 And bravely he walk'd along the Way,
 to Robin Hood then unknown.
 A Herd of Deer was in the Bend,
 all feeding before his Face;
 Now the best of you I'll have to my Dinner,
 and that in a little Space.
 Now the Stranger he made no mickle ado,
 but he bent a right good Bow.
 And the best of all the Herd he slew,
 full forty Yards him fro.
 Well Shot, well shot; said Robin Hood then,
 that shot it was in time;
 And if thou wilt accept of the Place,
 thou shalt be a bold Yeoman of mine.
 Go ploy the Chives the Stranger then said
 make haste and quickly go.
 Or with my Fist, be sure of this,
 I'll give the Buffets sure.
 Tho' had'st our best buffet me, quoth Robin Hood;
 for altho' I am forlorn,
 Yet I have those will take my part,
 if I do blow my Horn.
 Thou had'st not best wind thy Horn, the Stranger
 be'st thou never so much in haste. (said
 For I can draw a good broad Sword,
 and quickly cut the Blast.
 Then Robin Hood bent a very good Bow,
 to shoot, and that he would join;
 The Stranger he bent a very good Bow,
 to shoot at bold Robin again.
 O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood,
 to shoot it would be in vain;

For

For if we shoot the one at the other,
 the one of us must be slain.
 But let's take our Swords and our Broad Bucklers,
 and gang under yonder Tree.
 As I hope to be sav'd the stranger he said,
 one Foot I will not flee.
 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a Blow,
 most scar'd him out of his Wits,
 Thou never felt Blow, the stranger he said,
 that shall be better quits.
 The stranger he then with a good broad Sword,
 lit Robin Hood on the Crown,
 That from every hair, of bold Robin's head,
 the Blood it run trickling down.
 God a mercy, good Fellow, quoth Robin Hood then
 and for this thou hast done ;
 Tell me, good Fellow, what thou art ;
 tell me where thou do'st won.
 The Stranger then answer'd bold Robin Hood,
 I'll tell thee where I do dwell :
 In Maxfield Town I was born and bred,
 my Name is young Gamwell :
 For killing of my Father's Steward,
 am forc'd to this English Wood,
 And for to seek an Uncle of mine,
 some call him Robin Hood.
 But art thou a Cousin of Robin Hood then ?
 the sooner we should have done :
 As I hope to be sav'd, the Stranger then said,
 I am his own Sister's Son.
 But, Laud, what Kissing and Courting was there,
 when these two Cousins did meet !
 And they went all that Summer's Day,
 and Little John did not meet.
 But when they met with Little John,
 he unto him did say ;

O Master.

O Master, pray, where have you been,
you have carry'd so long away?

I met with a Stranger, quoth Robin Hood then,
full sore he hath beaten me;

Then I'll have a Bout with him, quoth Little John
and try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it may not be so;

For he is my own dear Sister's Son,
and Cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold Teoman of mine,
my chief Man next to thee;

And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
and Scarlet he shall be;

And we'll be three of the bravest Outlaws
that live in the North Country.

If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
in the second Part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the North he would go,
with Valour and mickle Might,

With Sword by his Side, which oft had been try'd,
to fight, and recover his Right.

The first that he met with was a bonny bold Scot,
his servant he said he would be;

No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
for thou wilt prove false unto me:

Thou hast not been true to Sir nor Cuz,
now, marry, the Scot he said,

A true to your heart, I'll never part,
and I shall be not afraid.

Then Robin Hood turn'd his face to the East
and sang a merry minstrel out;

Curse on him, quoth brave Robin Hood,
and his friends be beaten out.

The Scot he proved out on every side

The Scot he proved out on every side

Quoth

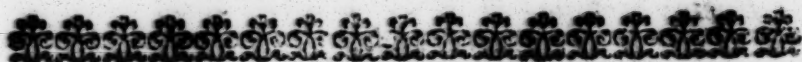
Robin Hood's Garland

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Quoth Jockey, Gend Faith, they fight on each side,
would I were with my Wife Joan,
The Enemy 'compass'd brave Robin about,
'tis long e'er the Battle ends,
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field
for both are supply'd with friends,
This Song it was made in Robin Hood's days;
let's pray unto Jove above
To give us true peace, that Mischief may cease,
and War may give place unto Love.



Robin



*Renowned Robin Hood Or, His famous Archery
truly related, in the worthy Exploits he per-
formed before Queen Catherine.*

To a new Tune.



G**OLD** taken from the King's Hangings,
Down, a down, a down,
As seldom hath been seen,
down, &c.

And carried by bold Robin Hood,
for a present to the Queen.
down &c.

If that I live but one Year to an End,
thus did Queen Catherine say,
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
and all thy Yeoman gay.

The Queen is unto her chamber gone,
so fast as she could wend

She

She calls unto her lovely Page,
his Name was Richard Parington.
Come thou hither to me, thou lovely Page,
come thou hither to me ;
For thou must post to Nottingham,
as fast as thou can'st dree :
And as thou goest to Nottingham,
search every English Wood,
Enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
that can tell thee of Robin Hood.
Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
as fast as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham,
there he took up his Inn.
He calls for a Bottle of Rhenish Wine,
and drinks a Health to the Queen,
Wishing he might now speedily
find out jolly Robin.
There sat a Yeoman by his Side,
who said, sweet Page, tell me
What is thy Business, or thy Cause,
so far in the North Country.
This is my Business, and my Cause,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
to tell me of Robin Hood.
I'll get my Horse betimes in the Morn,
be it by Break of Day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
and all his Yeomen gay.
When that he came to Robin Hood's Place,
he fell down on his Knee ;
Queen Catherine she does greet you well,
she greets you well by me.
She bids you post to fair London Court,
not fearing any thing ;

For there shall be a little Sport,
 and she hath sent you her Ring.
 Robin Hood took his Mantle from his Back,
 it was of Lincoln Green,
 And sent it by this lovely Page,
 for a Present to the Queen.
 In Summer-Time when Leaves grow Green,
 it was a seemly Sight to see
 How Robin Hood had dress'd himself,
 and all his Yeomandree.
 He closthed his Men in Lincoln Green,
 and himself in Scarlet Red ;
 Black Hats, white Feathers all alike,
 now bold Robin Hood is rid.
 And when he came to London Court,
 he fell down on his Knees.
 Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the Queen,
 and all thy Yeomandree.
 Come hither Tepus, said the King.
 Bow-bearer after me ;
 Come, measure me out with this Line,
 how long our mark must be.
 What is the Wager ? said the Queen,
 that I must know here ;
 Three hundred Tun of Rhenish Wine,
 three hundred Tun of Beer,
 Three hundred of the fattest harts.
 that run on Dallom Lee ;
 That's a princely Wager, said the Queen,
 that I must needs tell thee.
 With that bespoke one Clifton then,
 full quickly and full soon,
 Measure no Mark for us, most Soverign Liege,
 we'll shoot at Sun and Moon.
 Full fifteen Score your Mark shall be,
 full fifteen Score shall stand,

I'll lay my Bow, said Clifton then,
 I'll cleave the Willow Wand.
 With that the King's Archers led about,
 'till it was three or none ;
 With that the Ladies began to shout,
 Madam, your Game is gone.
 A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catherine cries,
 I crave it on my Knee ;
 Is there ever a Knight of your Privy-Council,
 on Queen Catherine's Side will be ?
 Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
 thou art a Knight full good ;
 For I do know by thy Pedigree,
 thou sprung'st from Gower's Blood.
 Come hither to me, thou Bishop of Herefordshire,
 for a noble crick was he ;
 By my Silver Mitre, said the Bishop then,
 I'll bet me Penny.
 The King had Archers of his own,
 full ready and full right ;
 And these be Strangers every one,
 no Man knows what they height,
 What wilt thou bet ? said Robin
 thou seest our Game's the worse
 By my Silver said the Bishop,
 all the Money within my Purse.
 What is in thy Purse ? said Robin Hood,
 throw it on the Ground ,
 Ninety-nine Angels, said the Bishop
 it's near an hundred Pound.
 Robin Hood too his Bag from his Side,
 and threw it on the Green ;
 Will Scadlock then went smiling away,
 I know who this Money must win.
 With that the King's Archers led about,
 while it was three to three ;

With

With that the Ladies gave a Shout,
 Woodcock, beware thy Knee.
 It is three to three now, said the King,
 the next three pays for all ;
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the Queen,
 the King's Part shall be but small.
 Then *Robin Hood* did leap about,
 he shot it under hand ;
 And Clifton with a bearing Arrow,
 he clove the Willow Wand :
 And little Midge, the Miller's Son,
 he not much the worse ;
 He shot within a Finger of the Prick ;
 now, Bishop, beware thy Purse.
 A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catherine cries,
 I crave on my bare Knee.
 That you will angry be with none,
 that is of my Party.
 They shall have forty Days to come,
 and forty Days to go,
 And three times forty to 'port and play,
 then welcome Friend or Foe.
 Then thou art welcome, *Robin Hood*, said the Queen
 and so is Little John.
 And so is Midge the Miller's Son,
 thrice welcome every one.
 Is this *Robin Hood* the King then said ;
 for it was told to me,
 That he was slain in the Palace Gate,
 so far in the North Country.
 Is this *Robin Hood* quoth the Bishop then,
 as it seems well to be :
 Had I known it had been that beld Outlaw,
 I would not have bet one Penny.
 He took me late one Sunday Night,
 and bound me fast to a Tree,

And

Robin Hood's Garland.

61

And made me sing a Mass God-wot,
to him and his Yeomandree.
What, and if I did, says *Robin Hood*,
of that Mass I was full fain,
For Recompence of that, he says,
here's halt thy Gold again,
Now nay, now nay, says Little John,
Master, that may not be,
We must give Gifts to the King's Officers
that Gold will serve thee and me.



Robin



Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.



When as the Sheriff of Nottingham,
 was come with mickle Grief,
 He talk'd no good, of Robin Hood,
 that strong and sturdy Thief,
Fal la! dal de.
 So unto London Road he past
 his tiffin to unfold,
 To King Richard, who did Regard
 the tale that he had told, *Fal, &c.*
 Wh. quote the King what shall I do,
 an thou not Sheriff me,
 The Law is in Force, go take thy Course,
 of them that injure thee, *Fal, &c.*
 Get the gone and by thyself,
 some fine striking Game;
 But an thou, von Rebels all,
 go take thy Course with them. *Fal, &c.*

Robin Hood's Garland.

63

So away the Sheriff he return'd,
and by the way he thought,
The words of the King and how the thing,
to pass might well be brought, *Fal, &c.*
For within his mind he imagined
that when such Matches were,
Those Outlaws stout, without doubt,
would be the Bowmen there, *Fal, &c.*
So an arrow with a Golden Head,
and Shaff of Silver white,
Who won the Day should bear away,
for his own proper Right, *Fal, &c.*
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
under the Green Wood Tree;
Come prepare you then my merry Men,
we'll go yon sport to see, *Fal, &c.*
With that stept forth a brave young Man,
David of Doncaster.
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
from the Green Wood we'll not stir, *Fal, &c.*
To tell you the Truth I'm well interm'd,
yon Match is a wile,
The Sheriff I wils devises this,
us Archers to beguile, *Fal, &c.*
O thou smells of a Coward, said Robin Hood,
thy words does not please me,
Come on't what will, I'll try my Skill.
At yon brave Archery, *Fal, &c.*
Our Mantles all of Lincoln Green
behind us we will leave,
We'll dress us all, so several,
they shall not us perceive, *Fal,*
One shall wear white, another red,
one yellow, another blue,
Thus in disguise, e'rh' exercise,
we'll gang what e'er case.

Forth

Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,
 with hearts all firm and stout,
 Resolving with the Sheriff's Men,
 to have a hearty Bout,
 So themselves they mixed with the rest,
 to prevent all suspicion,
 For if they should together hold,
 they thought it no discretion,
 So the Sheriff looking around about,
 amongst eight hundred Men,
 But could not see the sight that he,
 had long expected then,
 Some said if *Robin Hood* was here,
 and all his Men to boot,
 Sure none of them, could pass these Men,
 so bravely they do shoot,
 Ay, quoth the Sheriff, and scratch'd his head,
 I thought he would have been here,
 I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
 he durst not now appear.
 O that word grived *Robin* to the heart,
 he vexed in his blood,
 E're long, thought he, thou shalt well see
 that here was *Robin Hood*.
 Some cry'd blue Jacker, another cry'd brown
 and the third cry'd brave yellow,
 But the fourth Man said, yon Man in red,
 in this place has no Fellow,
 For that was *Robin Hood* himself,
 for he was cloathed in red,
 At every shot, the Prize he got,
 for he was both sure and dead.
 So the Arrow with the Golden head,
 and Shaff of Silver white;
 Brave *Robin Hood* won, and bore with him,
 for his own proper Right,

Their

These Outlaws there that very day,
to shun all kind of doubt,
By three and four, no less no more,
as they went in, came out.
Until they all assembled were,
under the Green Wood Shade;
Where they resort in pleasant Spott
what brave Pastime they made.
Says *Robin Hood* now all my care is,
how that yon Sheriff may;
Know certainly that it was I,
that bore his Arrow away,
Says *Little John* my Council good:
did take effect before,
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will advise once more.
Speak on, speak on, said *Robin Hood*,
thy Wit's both quick and sound,
I know no Man amongst us can,
for Wit, like thee be found.
This I advise, said *Little John*,
that a Letter shall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to *Nottingham*
you to the Sheriff shall send.
That's well advis'd, said *Robin Hood*,
but how must it be sent?
Pugh when you please, it's done with ease;
master be you content,
I'll stick it on my Arrow's head,
and shoot it into the Town,
The Mark shall show were it must go,
whenever it lights down
This Project it was full perform'd
the Sheriff that Letter had,
Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,
and rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chaffing in his Greele,
 which will do him no good,
 Now my friends attend and hear an end,
 of honest *Robin Hood*.



*Robin Hood's Chase: Or, A merry Progress be-
 tween Robin Hood and King Henry.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Beggar.*



COME you Gallants all to you I call,
 With a Hey down, down, and a down,
 That are now in this Place;
 For a Song I will sing of Henry our King,
 he did bold *Robin Hood* chase.
 Queen Catherine she then a Match did make,
 as plainly doth appear,
 For three hundred Tun of good red Wine,
 and three hundred Tun of Beer:

But

But she had her Archers to seek,
with their Bows and Arrows so good;
But her Mind it was bent, with a full intent,
to send for bold *Robin Hood*.
But when bold *Robin Hood* he came there,
Queen Catherine she did say,
Thou art welcome, Locksly, unto me,
and thou on my Part must be.
Rob.] If I miss the Mark, be it light or dark
and all my Yeoman gay,
For a Match of Shooting I have made,
then hange I will I be.
But when the Game came to be play'd,
bold *Robin* won it with Grace;
But after the King was angry with him,
and vow'd he would him chase.
What tho' his Pardon granted was,
while he with them did stay;
But yet the King was vex'd at him,
when he was gone away.
Soon after the King from Court did hie,
in a furious angry Mood,
And often enquireth both far and near,
after bold *Robin Hood*.
But when the King to Nottingham came,
bold *Robin Hood* was in the Wood:
Come, said he, and let me see,
who can find bold *Robin Hood*.
But when bold *Robin Hood* he did hear
the King had him in Chace;
Then said Little John, 'tis Time to be gone,
and go to some other Place.
Then away they went from merry Sherwood
and into Yorkshire he did hie,
And the King did follow with a hoop and hollow
but could not him come nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
and went strait to Newcastle Town,
And there they stay'd Hours two or three,
and then he for Berwick was gone.
When the King he did see how Robin Hood did see,
he was vexed wondrous fore ;
With a Hoop and a Hollow he vowed to follow,
and take him, or never give o'er.
Come, now let's away, said Little John,
let any Man follow that dare ;
To Carlisle we'll hie, with our Company,
and so then to Lancaster.
From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
and so did good King Henry :
But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
for fear of some Treachery.
Says Robin, Come, let us for London go,
to see our noble Queen's Face ;
It may be she wants our Company,
which makes the King us to chace.
When Robin he came Queen Catherine before,
he fell upon his Knee ;
If it please your Grace, I am come to this Place,
to speak with King Henry.
Queen Catherine she answer'd bold Robin again,
the King is gone to merry Sherwood,
And when he went away to me he said,
he would go and seek Robin Hood.
Then fare you well, my gracious Queen,
for to Sherwood I will hie apace ;
For fain I would see what he'd have with me,
if I could but meet with his Grace.
But when King Henry he came home,
full weary, and vexed in Mind ;

Robin Hood's Garland.

69

And that he did hear Robin had been there,
he blamed Dame Fortune unkind.
You're welcome home, Queen Catherine cry'd,
Henry, my Sovereign Liege ;
Bold Robin Hood, the Archer good,
your Person hath been to seek.
A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your Grace,
To pardon his Life, and seek not Strife ;
and so ends *Robin Hood's Chace*,



Robin

Robin Hood's Garland.



Robin Hood's Golden Prize. *Shewing how he*
robbed two Priests of Five Hundred Pounds.

Tune of, *Robin Hood* was a tall young Man, &c.



I Have heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down,
And of brave Little John;
Of Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Lockfly, and Maid-marrion.
Hey down, derry, derry down,
But such a Tale as this before,
I think was never known;
For Robin Hood disguised himself,
and from the Wood is gone.
Like to a Friar, bold Robin Hood,
was accoutred in his Array;
With Hood, Gown, Beads, and Crucifix,
he pass'd upon the Way.

He

Robin Hood's Garland.

22

He had not gone past Miles two or three,
but it was his chance to espy
Two lusty Priests clad all in Black
come riding gallantly.
Benedicite, then said Robin Hood
some Pity on me take;
Cross you my hand with a single Groat
for our dear Lady's Sake.
For I have been wand'ring all this Day,
and nothing could I get;
Not so much as one poor Cup of Drink,
nor Bit of Bread to eat.
Now b' our our holy Dame, the Priests reply'd
we never a Penny have;
For we this Morning have been robb'd,
and could no Money save.
I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,
that you do both tell a Lie;
And now before you do go hence
I am resolved to try.
When as the Priests heard him say so
then they rode away again;
Then Robin Hood betook him to his heels,
and soon overtook them again.
Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
and pull'd them down from their horse;
O spare us, Fryar, the Priests cry'd out,
on us have some Remorse.
You said you'd no Money, quoth Robin Hood,
wherefore without Delay
We three will fall down on our Knees
and for Money we will pray.
The Priests they could not gainsay,
but down they kneel with Speed:
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
some Money to serve our Need.

The

The Priests did pray with a mournful Chear,
sometimes their hands did wring ;
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
whilst Robin did merrily sing.
When they had been praying an hour's Space,
the Priests did still lament :
Then, quoth bold Robin, now let us see
what Money Heaven hath us sent.
We will be Sharers all alike,
of Money that we have ;
And there is never a one of us,
that his Fellow shall deceive.
The Priests their hands in their Pockets put
but Money could find none :
We'll search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
each other, one by one.
Then Robin Hood took Pains to search them,
and he found good Store of Gold ;
Five hundred Pieces presently
upon the Grass he told.
Here is a brave Show, said Robin Hood,
such Store of Gold to see,
And you each one shall have a Part,
'cause you pray'd so heartily.
He gave them Fifty Pounds a-piece
and the rest he for himself did keep :
The Priests they durst not speak one Word,
but sigh'd wond'rous deep.
With that the Priests rose up from their Knees
thinking to have parted so :
Nay, stay, says Robin Hood, one thing more
I have to say e'er you go ;
You shall be sworn, says bold Robin Hood,
upon this holy Grass,
That you will never tell Lies again,
which way soever you pass.

Robin Hood's Garland.

73

The secnd Oath that you here must make,
that all the Days of your Lives,
You never shall tempt Maids unto Sin,
nor lie with other Mens Wives.

The last Oath you shall take, is this,
be charitable to the Poor ;

Say you have met a holy Fryar,
and I desire ne more.

He set them on their horses again,
and away then they did ride ;

And he returned to the merry green Wood
with great Joy Mirth and Pride.



10

K

Robin



*Robin Hood Rescuing Will. Stutely from the Sheriff
and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and
were going to hang him.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



*WHEN Robin Hood in the green Wood stood,
Derry derry down,
Under the green Wood Tree:
Tidings there came to him with Speed,
Tidings for Certainty;
Hey down, derry, derry down.
That Will. Stutely surprized was,
and eke in Prison lay;
Three Varlets that the King had hir'd,
did likely him betray.
Ay, and To-morrow hang'd must be,
To-morrow, as soon as 'tis Day,
Before they could the Victory get,
two of them did Stutely slay.*

When

Robin Hood's Garland.

75

When Robin Hood did hear this News,
Lord, it did grieve him sore ;
And to his merry Men he said,
who all together swore.
That Will. Scutely should rescu'd be,
and be brought back again ;
Or else should many a gallant Wight
for his Sake there be slain.
He cloath'd himself in Scarlet then,
his Men were all in green ;
A finer Show throughout the World
in no Place could be seen.
Good Lord ! it was a gallant Sight
to see them all on a Row !
With every Man a good broad Sword,
and eke a good Yew Bow.
Forth of the green Wood they are gone,
yea, all courageously,
Resolving to bring Scutely home,
or every Man to die.
And when they came to the Castle near,
wherein Will. Scutely lay ;
I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
we here in Ambush stay.
And send one forth some News to bear ;
to yonder Palmer fair,
That stands under the Castle Wall ;
some News he may declare.
With that steps forth a brave young Man,
which was of Courage bold ;
Thus he did say to the old Man,
I pray thee, Palmer old,
Tell me, if that thou rightly ken
when must Will Scutely die ;
Who is one of bold Robin's Men,
and here doth Prisoner lie,

Alas !

*Alas! alas! the Palmer said,
 and for ever woe is me;
 Will. Stutely hang'd will be this Day,
 on yonder Gallowe Tree:
 O had his noble Master known,
 he would some Succour send
 A few of his bold Tecmandree
 full soon would fetch him hence.
 Ay, that is true the young Man said,
 ay, that is true, said he:
 Or if they were near to this Place,
 they soon would set him free.
 But, fare thou well, thou good old Man,
 farewell, and Thanks to thee;
 If Stutely is hanged this Day
 revenged his Death will be.
 No sooner he was from the Palmer gone,
 but the Gates were open'd wide,
 And out of the Castle Will Stutely came,
 guarded on every Side.
 When he was forth of the Castle come,
 and saw no help was nigh;
 Thus he did say unto the Sherif,
 thus he said gallantly.
 Now seeing that I needs must die,
 grant me one Doon, said he;
 For my noble Master ne'er Lad Mar,
 that yet was hang'd on Tree:
 Give me a Sword all in my hand,
 and let me be unbound,
 And with thee and thy Men I'll fight
 'till I lie dead on the Ground.
 But this Desire he would not grant,
 his Wishes were in vain;
 For the Sherif swore he hang'd should be,
 and not by the Sword be slain.*

Do but unbind my hands, he says,
I will no Weapons crave ;
And if I hanged be this Day,
Damnation let me have.
O no, no, no, the Sheriff said,
thou shalt on the Gallows die :
Ay, and so shall thy Master too,
if ever in me it lie.
O dastard Coward, Stutely cries,
faint-hearted Peasant Slave
If ever my Master do thee meet,
thou shalt thy Payment have.
My noble Master doth thee scorn,
and all thy cowardly crew ;
Such silly Imps unable are
bold Robin to subdue.
But when he was to the Gallows gone,
and ready to bid adieu,
Out of a Bush steps Little John,
and steps Will. Stutely to ;
I pray thee, Will. before thou die,
of thy dear Friends take Leave ;
I needs must borrow him a while,
how say you Master Sheriff ?
Now, as I live the Sheriff said,
that Varlet will I know,
Some sturdy Rebel is that same,
therefore let him not go.
Then Little John, most hastily,
away cut Stutely's Bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's Men
a Sword twich'd from his hands.
Here, Will Stutely, take thou this same,
thou canst it better sway,
And here defend thyself a while,
for aid will come straightway.

And

And there they turn'd them Back to Back,
 in the Midst of them that Day,
 'Till Robin Hood approached near,
 with many an Archer gay.
 With that an Arrow from them flew
 I wist from Robin Hood :
 Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff he said,
 make haste, for it is not good.
 The Sheriff is gone ; his doughty Men,
 thought it not Boot to stay
 But, as their Master had them taught,
 they run full fast away.
 O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,
 take Leave e'er you depart ;
 You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
 unless you dare him meet.
 O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
 that you so soon are gone ;
 My Sword may in the Scabbard rest,
 for here our Work is done.
 I little thought, Will Stutely said,
 when I came to this Place,
 For to have met with Little John,
 or seen my Master's Face.
 Thus Stutely was at Liberty set,
 and safe brought from his Foe ;
 O Thanks, O Thanks to my Master,
 for he e it was not so.
 And once again, my Fellows all,
 we shall in the green Wood meet,
 Where we will make our Bow-strings twang
 Musick for us most sweet.



The Noble Fisher-Man.

Or, Robin Hood's Preferment.

Tune of, *In Summer Time.*



IN Summer Time when Leaves grow green,
 when they do grow both green and long,
 Of a bold Outlaw call'd Robin Hood,
 it is of him I sing this Song.
 When the Lilly Leaf and the Cowslip sweet
 both bud and spring with merry Cheer,
 This Outlaw was weary of the Wood-side,
 and a chasing of the King's Deer.
 The Fishermen brave more Money have,
 than any Merchant two or three ;
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
 that I a Fisherman may be.
 This Outlaw call'd his merry Men all,
 as they sat under the green Wood Tree ;

If any of you have Gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.
Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
it seems to be a very fine Day;
Who took up his Inn at a Widow Woman's House,
hard by the Waters grey;
Who asked him, Where wert thou born,
or tell me where thou dost fare?
I am a poor Fisherman, said he then,
this Day intrapped all in Care.
What is thy Name, thou fine Fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell to me.
In mine own Country where I was born,
Men call me Simon Over the-lee.
Simon, Simon, said the good Wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy Name:
The Outlaw was 'ware of her Courtesy,
and rejoiced he had got such a Dame.
Simon, wilt thou be my Man?
and good round Wages I'll give thee,
I have as good a Ship of my own,
as any that sails upon the sea
Anchors and Planks thou shalt want none,
Masts and Planks that are so long
And if that thou so furnish me,
said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.
They pluck'd up Anchor and away did
more of a Day than two or three;
When others cast in their Baited Hooks
the bare Lines into the sea cast he.
It will be long, said the Master then,
e'er this great Lubber do thrive on the Seas
He shall have no share in our Fish,
for in Truth he is no Part worthy.
O woe is me, said Simon then
this Day that ever I came here,

I will

Robin Hood's Garland.

81

I wish I were in Plumpton Park,
chasing of the Fallow Deer.
For every Clowns laughs me to Scorn,
and by me sets nothing at all ;
If I had them in Plumpton Park,
I would set as little by them all,
They pluck'd up Anchor, and away did sail,
more of a Day than two or three ;
But Simon espyed a Ship of War,
that sailed towards them vigorously.
O woe is me, said the Master then,
this Day that ever I was born ;
For all the Fish that we have got
is every Bit lost and forlorn.
For those French Robbers on the Seas,
they will not spare of us one Man,
But carry us to the Coast of France,
and lay us in Prison strong.
But Simon said, Do you not fear them,
neither, Master take you care,
Give me my bent Bow in my hand,
and never a Frenchman will I spare,
Hold thy Peace, thou long Lubber,
for thou art nought but Brags and Boast,
If I should cast you over board,
there's but a single Lubber lost.
Simon grew angry at these Words,
and so angry then was he ;
Then he took his bent Bow in his hand,
and in the Ship-hatch goeth he.
Master, tye me to the Mast he said,
that at my Mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent Bow in my hand,
and never a Frenchman will I spare.
He drew his Arrow to the head,
and drew it with Might and Main

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And

And strait, in the Twinkling of an Eye,
From the Frenchman's heart the Arrow gain,
The Frenchman fell down on the Ship-hatch,
and under the hatchets down below ;
Another Frenchman that him espy'd,
the dead Corpse into the Sea did throw.
O Master, loose me from the Mast, he said,
and for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
and never a Frenchman will I spare.
Then strait they boarded the French Ship.
they lying all dead in their fight ;
They found within the Ship of War
twelve Thousand Pounds in Money bright,
The one half of the Ship, said Simon then
I'll give to my Dame and Children small ;
The other half of my Ship I'll give,
to you that are my Fellows all.
But now bespoke the Master then,
for so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hands,
and the Owner of it you must be.
It shall be so as I have said,
and with this Gold for the Op
An Habitation I will build,
where they shall live in Peace and Rest.

Robin

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*Robin Hood's Delight, Or, a merry Combat
fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and
Will. Scarlet, and three stout Keepers in Sher-
wood Forest.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine. □



THERE's some will talk of Lords and Knights,
Down, a down, a down,
And some of Yeomen good ;
But I will tell you of *Will. Scarlet,*
Little John and Robin Hood.
They were Outlaws, as 'tis well *known*
and Men of noble blood,

And many a time their Valour was shown,
in the Forest of merry Sherwood.
Upon a time it chanced so,
as Robin would have it to be
They all three would walking go,
some Pastime for to see.
And as they walk'd the Forest along,
upon a Midsummer Day.
There was he aware of three Forresters,
clad all in green Array.
With brave long Falchions by their Sides,
and Forest Bills in their hands,
They called aloud to these Outlaws,
and charged them to stand.
Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
that speak so boldly here;
We three belong to King Henry,
And Keepers of his Deer.
The Devil thou art, says *Robin Hood*.
I am sure it is not so;
We be the Keepers of this Forest,
and that you soon shall know.
Your Coats of Green lay on the Ground,
and so we will all three,
And take your Sword Bucklers round;
and try the Victory.
We be content, the Keepers said,
we be three and no less,
Then why should we of you be afraid,
and we never did transgress?
Why, if you be Keepers in this Forest,
then we be three Rangers good,
And will make you know, before you do go,
you met with bold *Robin Hood*.
We be content, thou bold Outlaw,
our Valour here to try.

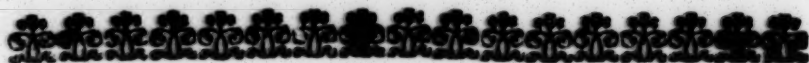
And

And will make you know, before you go,
we will fight be fore we fly.
Then, come draw your Swords, you bold Outlaws;
and no longer stand to prate,
But let us try it with Blows,
for Cowards we do hate.
Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
and another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
because he is stout and strong.
So they fell to it full hardy and fore,
it was on a Midsummer Day;
From Eight of the Clock 'till Two and past,
they all shew'd gallant Play.
There Robin and Will, and Little John,
they fought most manfully,
'Till all their Wind was spent and gone,
then Robin aloud did cry:
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see you be stout Men;
Let me but blow one Blast on my Bugle Horn,
then I'll fight with you again.
That Bargain is to make, bold *Robin Hood*,
therefore we it deny;
Thy Blast upon the Bugle Horn
cannot make us fight or fly:
Therefore fall on, or else be gone,
and yield to us this Day;
It never shall be said, that we are afraid
of thee, or thy Yeomen gay.
If that be so, cries *Robin Hood*,
let me but know your Names,
And in the Forest of merry Sherwood,
I shall extol your Fames.
And with our Fames, one of them said,
what hast thou here to do?

Excep

Except that thou wilt fight it out,
our Names thou shalt not know.
We will fight no more, says bold bold *Robin Hood*,
you be Men of Valour stout.
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
and there will fight it out.
With a Butt of Sack we will bang it about,
to see who wins the Day :
And for the Cost make you no Doubt,
I have Gold enough to pay.
And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
we all will Brethren be ;
For I love those Men with Heart and Hand,
that will fight and never flee.
So away they went to Nottingham,
with Sack to make amends ;
For three Days Space they Wine did chase,
and drank themselves good Friends.





Robin Hood and the Beggar : Shewing how he
and the Beggar fought, and changed Cloaths ;
How he went a begging to Nottingham ; and
how he saved three Brethren from hanging, for
stealing of Deer.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



COME light and listen, you Gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That Mirth do love for to hear,
And a Story true I'll tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder Times when Merriments were,
and Archery was holden good,
There was an Our-law, as many do know,
which Men call'd Robin Hood.
Upon a Time it chanced so,
bold Robin was merry dispos'd,
His Time for to spend, he did intend,
either with Friends or Foes.
Then he got upon a gallant Steed,
the which was worth Angels ten,
With a Mantle of Green, most brave to be seen,
he left all his merry Men ;
And riding towards Nottingham,
some Pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a jolly Beggar,
as e'er he beheld with his Eye.
An old patch Coar the Beggar had on,
which he daily did use for to wear ;
And many a Bag about him did wag,
which made Robin Hood to him repair.
God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood then,
what Countryman ? tell unto me.
I am Yorkshire, Sir ; but e'er you go far,
some Charity give unto me,
I have no Money, said Robin Hood then
but a Ranger within the Wood ;
I am an Outlaw as many do know,
my Name it is Robin Hood.
But yet I must tell thee bonny Beggar,
that a Bout with thee I must try ;
Thy Coat of Grey lay down I say,
and my Mantle of Green shall lie by.
Content, content, the Beggar he cry'd,
thy Part it will be the worse ;
For I hope this Bout to give thee the Rout,
and soon have at thy Purse.

Robin Hood's Garland.

89

The Beggar he had a mickle long Staff,
and Robin he had a Nut-brown Sword ;
The Beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
but gave him never a Word.
Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
this Game well pleaseth me ;
For every Blow that Robin gave,
the Beggar gave Buffets three.
And fighting there full hardy an sore,
not from Nottingham Town,
They never fled 'till from Robin's head,
the blood it run trickling down.
O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
and thou and I will agree :
If that be true, the Beggar he said,
thy Mantle come give unto me.
Now a Change, a Change, said Robin Hood,
thy Bags and Coat give me,
And this Mantle of mine I'll too thee resign
my horse and my bravery.
When Robin had got the Beggar's Cloaths,
he looked round about.
Methinks, said he, I seem to be
a Beggar brave and stout.
For now I have a Bag for my Bread,
so I have another for my Corn ;
I have one for Salt, and another for Malt,
and one for my little horn.
And now I will a begging go,
some Charity for to find ;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
in the second Part it's behind.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
with his Bag hanging down to his Knee,
His Staff and his Coat scarce worth a Grout,
yet merrily passed he.

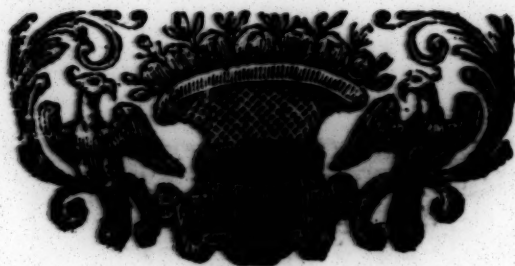
As Robin he pass'd the Streets along,
he heard a piritful Cry,
Three Brethren dear, as he did hear,
condemned were to die.
Then Robin he hied to the Sheriff's Houſe,
ſome Relief for to ſeek ;
He ſkipt and he leapt, and he caper'd full high,
as he went along the Street.
But when to the Sheriff's houſe he came,
there a Gentleman fine and brave,
Thou Beggar, ſaid he, come tell unto me,
what is it thou would'ſt have.
No Meat, nor Drink, ſaid Robin Hood then,
that I come here to crave ;
But to get the Lives of Yeomen three,
and that I ſain would have.
That cannot be, thou bold Beggar,
their Faſt is ſo clear :
I tell to thee, they hanged muſt he,
for ſtealing our King's D. er.
But when to the Gallows they did come,
there was many a weeping Eye ;
O hold your Peſee, ſaid Robin Hood then,
for certain they ſhall not die.
Then Robin he ſet his horn to his Mouth,
and he blew out Blaſts three,
'Till a hundred bold Archers brave,
came kneeling down to his Knee.
What is your Will, Maſter ? ſaid they,
we are at thy Command.
Shoot Eaſt, ſhoot Weſt, ſaid Robin then,
and ſee you ſpare no Man.
Ther they ſhot Eaſt, and they ſhot Weſt,
their Arrows were ſo keen ;
The Sheriff he and his Company,
no longer could be ſeen.

Then

Robin Hood's *Garland*.

91

Then he stept to those Brethren three,
and away he had them ta'en ;
The Sheriff he was crost, and many a Man lost,
that dead lay on the Plain.
And away they went into the merry green Wood,
and fngg with a merry Glee ;
And Rohin Hood took these Brethren ood,
to be of his Yeomandrec,



Robin



Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John : Or,
*A Narrative of the Victory obtained against the
 Prince of Arragon and the two Giants ; and how
 Will. Scarlet married the Princess.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood ; Or, Hey down, down, &c*



NOW Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John
 are walking over the Plain
 With a good fat Buck, which Will. Scarlet
 with his strong Bow had slain.

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Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
the Day it runs full fast,
For tho' my Nephew me a Breakfast gave,
I have not broke my Fast.
Then to yonder Lodge let us take our Way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my Nephew by my bold Yemen,
shall be welcom'd unto the green Wood.
With that he took the Bugle Horn,
full well he could it blow;
Strait from the Wood came marching down,
one Hundred tall Fellows and mo.
Stand, stand to your Arms, cries Will. Scarlet,
lo, the Enemies are within Ken:
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
crying, they are my bold Yemen.
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
crying, Master, what is your Will?
We thought you had in Danger been,
your Horn did sound so thrill.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
the Danger is past and gone;
I would have you welcome my Nephew here,
that hath paid me two for one.
In Feasting and Sporting they spent Day,
'till Phœbus sunk into the Deep;
Then each one to his Quarters hy'd,
his Guard there for to keep.
Long had they not walked within the green Wood,
but Robin he was espy'd
Of a beautiful Damsel all alone.
That on a black Palfrey did did ride.
Her Riding Sute was of Sable Hue black,
Cyprus over her Face,
Through which her Rose like Cheeks did blush,
all with a comely Grace.

Come,

Come, tell me the Cause, thou pretty One,
quoth Robin, and tel! me right.

From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
all in this mournful Plight?

From London I came, the Damsel seple'd,
from London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O Grief to tell!
besieg'd with Foreign Arms:

By the proud Prince of Arragon,
who swears by his Martial hand,
To have the Princess to his Spouse,
or else to waste this Land.

Except that Champinn can be found,
that dare fight three to three;
Against the Prince and Giant twain,
most horrid for to see;

Whose grisly Looks, and Eyes like Brands,
strike Terror where they come,
With Serpents hissing on their helms,
instead of feather'd Plume.

The Princess shall be the Victor's Prize
the King hath vow'd and said,
And he that shall the Conquest win
shall have her to his Bride.

Now we are four Damsels sent abroad,
to the East, West, North, and South,
To try whose Fortune is so good,
to find these Champions forth.

But all in vain we have fought at out,
for none so bold there are,

That dare adventure Life and Blood,
so free a Lady fair.

When is the Day? quoth Robin Hood,
tell me this and no more:

On Midsummer next, the Damsel said,
which is June the Twenty-four,

With

Robin Hood's Garland.

95

With that the Tears trickled down her Cheeks,
and silent was her Tongue ;
With Sighs and Sobs she took her Leave,
and away her Palfrey sprung.
This News struck Robin to the heart,
he fell down on the Grass,
His Action and his troubled Mind,
threw'd he perplexed was.
Where lies your Grief? quoth Will, Scarlet,
O Master, tell to me ;
If the Damsel's Eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood
she doth not cause my Smart ;
but it is the poor distressed Princess,
that wounds me to the heart.
I will go fight the Giants all,
to set the Lady free.
The D—l take my Soul, quoth Little John,
if I part with thy Company.
Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scarlet,
no, no, that must not be ;
I'll make the third Man in the Fight,
so we shall be three to three.
These Words cheer'd Robin to the Heart
Joy shone upon his Face
Within his Arms he hugg'd them both,
and kindly did embrace.
Both he, we'll put on motley Grey
with long Staves in our Hands,
Scrip and Bottle by our Sides,
as come from the Holy Lands :
may we pass along the Highway,
none will ask us from whence we come,
nor take us Pilgrims for to be,
nor else some holy Men.

Now they are on their Journey gone,
 as fast as they may speed,
 Yet for all Haste, e'er then arriv'd
 the Princess forth was led,
 To be deliver'd to the Prince,
 who in the List did stand,
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
 his Lady by the Hand
 With that he walk'd about the List,
 with Giants by his Side ;
 bring forth, quoth he, your Champions,
 or bring me forth my bride :
This is the Four and-twentieth Day,
the Day prefix'd upon,
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Acaron.
Then caies the King and Queen likewise,
both weeping as they spake,
Lo ! we have brought our Daughter dear,
whom we are forc'd to forsake.
With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
cries, my Liege, it must not be so ;
Such beauty as the fair Princess,
is not for a Tyrant's Mow.
The Prince he then began to storm,
cries, Fool, Fanatick, Balloon !
How dares thou stop my Valour's Prize ?
I'll kill thee with a Frown.
Thou Tyrant, Turk. thou Infidel.
thus Robin began to reply,
Thy Frowns I scorn ; lo, here's my Gage,
and thus I thee defy,
And for those two Goliaths there,
that stand on either Side,
Here are two little Davids
that soon can tame their Pride,

Then

Then the King did for Armour send,
 for Lances Swords and Shields ;
 And thus all three in Armour bright,
 came marching into the Field.
 The Trumpets began to sound a Charge,
 each singled out his Man ;
 Their Arms in Pieces soon were he
 blood sprang from every Vein,
 The Prince reach'd Robin a Blow,
 he struck with Might and Main,
 Which forc'd him to reel about the Field,
 as though he had been slain.
 God-a-mercy, quoth Robin for that Blow
 the Quarrel shall soon be try'd ;
 This Stroke shall show a full Divorce,
 betwixt thee and thy Bride.
 So from his Shoulders he cut his head,
 which on the Ground did fall,
 And grumble sore at Robin Hood,
 to be so dealt withal.
 The Giants then began to rage,
 to see their Prince lie dead.
 Thou'lt be the next, says Little John,
 unless thou guard thy head.
 With that his Faulchion he whirld about,
 it was both keen and sharp,
 He clove the Giant to his Belt,
 and cut in twain his Heart.
 Will-Scarlet well had play'd his Part,
 the Giant he brought to his Knee ;
 Quoth Will. the Devil cannot break his Fast,
 unless he have you all three.
 So with his Faulchion he run him through,
 a deep and gashly Wound ;

Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
and then fell to the Ground.

Now all the Lists with Shouts were fill'd
the Skies they did resound,

Which brought the Princess to herself
who was fallen into a Swoon.

The King, and Queen, and Princess fir-
came walking to the Place,

And gave the Champions many Thanks,
and did them further Grace.

Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are
that thus disguised came,

Whose valour speaks, that noble Blood,
doth run thro' every Vein.

A Boon, a Boon, quoth Robin Hood,
on my Knees I beg and crave.

By my Crown, quoth the King, I grant:
ask what and thou shalt have.

Then Pardon I beg for my merry Men,
which are within the Green Wood,

For Little John and Will. Scarlet,
and for me bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the King.
for the Valour thou hast shown,

Thou Pardon I do freely grant,
and welcome every one.

The Princess I promised the Victor's Prize,
thou cannot have you all three:

She shall chuse, quoth Robin; saith Little John,
the little share falls to me,

Then did the Princess view all three,
with a comely lovely Grace,

And took Will Scarlet by the hand,
saying here I make my Choice,

With

Robin Hood's Garland.

99

*Wish that a noble Lord slept forth,
of Maxfield Earl was he,
Who lock'd Will. Scarlet in the Face,
then wept most bitterly.
Quoth he, I have a Son like thee,
whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
his Name is young Gamewell.
Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his Knees,
cries, Father, Father, here,
Here kneels your Son, your young Gamewell,
you said you lov'd so dear.
But Lord what embracing and kissing was there
when all these Friends were met!
They're gone to the Wedding, and so to B. dding,
and so I bid you good Night.*



Little



*Little John and the four Beggars. Shewing how
he went a legging, and fought with four Beg-
gars; and what a Prize he got from them.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Beggar.



ALL you that delight to spend some Time,
With a key down, &c.
A merry Song for to sing,
Unto me draw near, and you shall hear,
how Little John went a begging.

A³

Robin Hood's Garland.

101

As Robin Hood walked the Forest along,
and all his Yeomandree,
Says Robin, some of you a begging must go,
and Little John it must be thee.
Says John, if I must a begging go,
I will have Palmer's Weed,
With a Staff and a Coat, and Bags of all Sorts,
the better then shall I speed.
Come, give me now, a Bag for my Bread,
and another for my Cheese,
And one for a Penny, if I get any,
that nothing I may lose.
Now Little John is a begging gone,
seeking for some Relief;
But of all the Beggars he met on the Way.
Little John he was the Chief.
But as he was walking himself alone,
four Beggars he chanced to 'spy,
Some deaf, some blind, and some came behind,
says John, here's a brave Company.
Good-morrow, said John, my Brethren dear,
good Fortune I had you see;
Which Way do you go, pray let me know,
for I want some Company.
O what is here to do? said Little John;
why ring all these Bells? said he,
What Dog is hanging? Come, let us be ganging,
that we the Truth may see.
Here is no Dog one of them said,
good Fellow, I tell unto thee,
But here is one dead, that will give-us Cheese and
and it may be, one single Penny. (Bread
We have Brethren in London, another said
to we have at Coventry,

In

In Berwick and Dover, and all the World over,
 but never a Crook'd Carl like thee.
 Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked Carl,
 and take that Knock on the Crown,
 Nay, said Little John, I'll not be gone,
 for a Bout I will have with ye round,
 Now have at you all, said Little John,
 if you be so full of your Blows,
 Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
 whether you be Friends or Foes.
 John nipped the dumb, and made him to roar,
 and the blind that could not see;
 And he that a Cripple had been seven Years,
 he made him run faster than he.
 And flinging them all against the Wall,
 with many a sturdy bang,
 It made John to sing to hear the Gold ring,
 and against the Walls cry 'twang.
 Then he got out of the Beggar's Cloak,
 three hundred Pounds in Gold:
 Good Fortune had I, said Little John,
 such a good Sight to behold.
 But he found in the Beggar's Bag,
 but three Hundred Pounds and three;
 If I drink Water while this doth last,
 then an ill Death may I die.
 And my Begging Trade I will now give o'er,
 my Fortune hath been so good;
 Therefore I'll not stay, but I will away
 to the Forest of merry Sherwood.
 And when to the Forest of Sherwood he came,
 he quickly there did see,
 Bold Robin Hood, his Master good,
 and all his Company.

What

What News, what News, said Robin Hood,
come, Little John, tell unto me,
How thou hast sped with thy Beggar's Trade,
for that I fain would see,
No News but good, said Little John,
with begging full well have I sped ;
Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
in Silver and Gold so red.
Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
and danced about the Oak Tree ;
If we drink Water while this doth last,
then a n ill Death may we die.
So to conclude my merry new Song,
all you that delight to sing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that Archer good,
and how Little John went a begging.





Robin Hood and the Ranger: Or, True Friend-
ship after a fierce Fight.

Tune of, *Arthur a Bland.*



WHEN Phœbus had melted the Sickles of Ice,
 With a big down, &c.
And likewise the Mountains of Snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to ice,
 a bolick Abroad with his bow.

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14

He left all his merry Men waiting behind,
whilst through the green Vallies he pass'd,
There did he behold a Forrester bold,
who cried out Friend, whether so fast ?
I'm going quoth Rob'n, to kill a fat Buck,
for me and my merry Men all ;
Besides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat Doe,
or else it shall cost me a fall.
You'd best have a care, said the Forrester then,
for these are his Majesty's Deer ;
Before you shall shoot the thing I'll dispute,
for I am head Forrester here.
These thirteen long Summers, quoth Robin I'm sure
my Arrows I here have let fly.
Where freely I range ; methinks it is strange,
you should have more Power than I.
This Forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
and so are the nimble Deer too ;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I won't be affronted by you.
The Forrester he had a long Quarter-Sta
likewise a broad Sword by his Side,
Without more ado he presently drew,
declaring the Truth should be try'd.
Bold Robin Hood had a Sword of the best ;
thus e'er he would take any Wrong,
His Courage was flush, he'll venture a brush,
and thus they fell to it ding dong.
The very first blow that the Forrester gave,
he made his broad Weapon cry twang ;
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable bang
But Robin he soon did recover himself,
and bravely fell to it again ;

The very next Stroke their Weapons were broke,
yet never a Man there was slain.
At Quarter Staff then they resolved to play,
because they would have t'other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
unwilling he was to give out.
Bold Robin he gave them a very hard blow,
the other return'd them as fast;
At every stroke their Jackets did smoke;
three hours the Combat did last.
At length in a rage the bold Forrester grew,
and cudgel'd bold Robin so sore,
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand
he said let us freely give o'er.
Thou art a brave Fellow; I needs must confesse
I never knew any so good;
Thou'rt fitting to be a Yeoman for me
and range in the merry green Wood.
I'll give thee this Ring as a Token of Love
for bravely thou hast acted thy Part;
That Man that can fight in him I delight
and love him with all my whole heart.
Then Robin setting his horn to his Mouth
a blast he merrily blows;
His Yeomen did hear, and strait did appear
a hundred with trusty long Bows.
Now Little John came at the head of them all
cloath'd in a rich Mantle of Green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest
a delicate Sight to be seen.
Lo these are my Yeomen said Robin Hood
and thou shalt be one of the Train;
A Mantle and Bow a Quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain.

The

The Forrester willingly enter'd the List,
they were such a beautiful Sight ;
Then with a long Bow they shot a fat Doe
and made a rich Supper that Night.
What singing and dancing was in the green Wood,
for Joy of another new Mate
With Mirth and Delight they spent the long Night,
and liv'd at a plentiful Rate.
The Forrester ne'er was so merry before,
as then he was with these brave Souls,
Who never would fail, in Wine Beer or Ale
to take off their cherishing bowls.
Then Robin Hood gave him a Mantle of Green,
broad Arrows, and a curious long Bow ;
This done, the next Day, so gallant and gay,
he march'd them all on a Row.
Quoth he, my brave Yeomen, be true to your trust
and then we may range the Woods wide ;
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
they'd conquer, or die by his Side.





The King's Disguise and Friendship with Robin Hood.

To a Northern Tune.



KING Richard hearing of the Trunks :
 of Robin Hood and his Men,
 He much admir'd and more desir'd,
 to see both him and them.

Then

Robin Hood's Garland.

109

*Then with a Dozen of his Lords,
 to Nottingham he Rode,
 When he came there, he made good Cheer,
 and took up his abode,
 He having staid there some time,
 but had no hopes to speed
 He and his Lords with free accord
 all put on Monk's Weed's
 From Fountain Abby they did Ride,
 down to Barnsāle ;
 Where Robin Hood, prepared stood,
 all Company to assail.
 The King was higher than the rest,
 and Robin thought he had
 An Abbot been, whom he did spleen
 to Rob him he was glad
 He took the King's Horse by the head
 Abbot says he abide ;
 I'm bound to rue such knaves as you
 that lives in Pomp and Pride.
 But we are Messengers from the King
 the King himself did say ;
 Near to this Place, his royal Grace
 to speak with thee does stay.
 God save the King, said Robin Hood,
 and all that wish him well ;
 He that does deny his Sovereignty,
 I wish he was in Hell.
 O thyself thou curses, says the King,
 for thou a Traitor art :
 Nay, but that you are his Messenger,
 I swear you lie in Heart.
 For I never yet hurt any Man
 that honest is and true,*

But

But those that give their Minds to live,
 upon other Men's due.
 I never hurt the Husbandman,
 that use to till the Ground,
 Nor spill their Blood, that range the Wood,
 to follow Hawk or Hound.
 My chiefest Spite to Clergy is,
 who in these Days bear a great Sway ;
 With Fryers and Monks, with their fine sprunks,
 I make my chiefest Prey.
 But I am very glad, said Robin Hood,
 that I have met you here,
 Come before we end, you shall my Friend
 taste of our Green Wood-Cheer.
 The King then did marvel much,
 and so did all his Men ;
 They thought with Fear, that kind of Cheer,
 Robin would provide for them.
 Robin took the King's Horse by the Head,
 and led him to the Tent ;
 Thou should not be so us'd quoth he
 but that my King thee sent.
 Nay, more than that, said Robin Hood,
 for good King Richard's sake ;
 If you had as much Gold as ever I told
 I would not one Penny take.
 Then Robin set his Horn to his Mouth,
 and a loud Blast he did blow
 Till a Hundred and ten of Robin Hood's Men,
 came marching a ll of a Row.
 And when they came Robin before,
 each Man did bend his Knee,
 O thought the King is a gallant Thing,
 and a surely sight to see.

Wit is

Robin Hood's Garland.

111

Within himself the King did say,
these Men of *Robin Hood's*,
More humble be, than mine to me,
So the Court may learn of the Woods.
So then they all to Dinner went,
upon a Carpet Green;
Black, Yellow, Red, fine Mingled,
most curious to be seen.
Ven'son and Fowls were plenty there,
with Fish out of the River:
King *Richard* swore, on Sea or Shore
he was never feasted better.
Then *Robin* takes a Can of Ale,
come let us now begin,
Come every Man shall have his Can,
here's a Health unto the King.
The King himself drank to the King,
so round about it went,
Two Barrels of Ale both stout and stale
to Pledge that Health was spent.
And after that a Bowl of Wine
in his Hand took *Robin Hood*,
Until I die, I'll drink Wine, said he,
while I live in the Green Wood.
Bend all your Bows, said *Robin Hood*,
and with the Grey Goose Wing;
Each Sport now shew, as you would do
in the Presence of the King.
They shew'd such brave Archery,
by cleaving Sticks and Wands,
That the King did say, such Men as they
live not in many Lands.
Well *Robin Hood* then says the King,
if I could thy Pardon get,

To

To serve the King in every thing
 would thou thy Mind firm set,
 Yes with all my Heart, bold Robin said,
 so all flung off their Hoods,
 To serve the King in every thing,
 they swore they'd spend their Blood:,
 For a Clergyman was first my ban,
 which makes me hate them all,
 But if you'll be so kind to me,
 love them again I shall.
 The King no longer could forbear,
 for he was mov'd with Truth,
 Robin, said he, I'll now tell thee
 the very naked Truth.
 I am the King thy Sovereign King
 that appears before you all
 When Robin see that it was he
 strait then he down did fall.
 Stand up again then said the King
 I'll thee thy Pardon give
 Stand up my Friend, who can contend,
 when I give leave to live.
 So they're all gone to Nottingham,
 all shouting as they came,
 But when the People them did see,
 they thought the King was slain.
 And for that Cause the Outlaws were come
 to rule all as they list;
 And for to shun, which way to run,
 the People did not wist.
 The Plowman left his Plow in Field,
 the Smith ran from his Shop;
 Old Folks also, that scarce could go,
 over their Sticks did hop.

The

The King soon let them understand
he had been in the Green Wood,
And from that Day, for evermore
had forgiven Robin Hood.
When the People they did hear,
and that the Truth was known;
They all did sing, God save the King,
hang Care the Town's our own,
What's that Robin Hood then said the Sheriff,
that Varlet I do hate,
Both me and mine he caused to Dine
and serv'd us all in Plate.
Ho, ho, said Robin, I know what you mean,
come take your Gold again;
Be Friends with me, and I with thee,
and so with every Man.
Now Master Sheriff you are paid,
and since you are the Beginner,
As well as you, give me my Due,
for you ne'er paid for that Dinner:
But if that should please the King
so much your House to grace;
To Sup with you, for to speak true
I know you ne'er was base.
The Sheriff could not that gainsay,
for a Trick was put upon him,
A Supper was drest, the King was Guest,
but he thought it would undone him.
They're all gone to London Court,
Robin Hood with all his Train;
He once was there, a noble Peer,
and now he's there again
Many such Pranks brave Robin play'd
while he lived in the Green Wood,
Now my Friends attend, and hear an End
of honest Robin Hood.



Robin Hood and Little John : *Being an Account of their first Meeting ; their fierce Encounter and Conquest. To which is added, their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called Little John.*

Tune of, *Arthur a Bland.*



WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty Years old,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
 He happen'd to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk Blade, right fit for the Trade,
 for he was a lusty young Man.

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Tho' he was call'd Little, his Limbs they were large,
and his Stature was seven Foot high ;
Where ever he came, they quak'd at his Name,
for soon he would make them to fly.
How they came acquainted I'll tell you in brief,
if you will but listen awhile ;
For this very Jest, amongst all the rest,
I think may cause you to smile.
For Robin Hood said to his jolly Bowmen,
pray tarry you here in this Grove,
And see that you all observe well my Call,
while thorough the Forest I rove.
We have had no Sport these fourteen long Days,
therefore now Abroad will I go ;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
my Horn I will presently blow.
Then did he shake Hands with his merry Men all,
and bid them at present good by ;
Then as near a Brook his Journey he took,
a Stranger he chanc'd to espy.
They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,
and neither of them would give Way.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham Play.
With that from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
a broad Arrow with a Goose Wing :
The Stranger reply'd, I'll lick thy hide,
if thou offer to touch the String.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, thou do'st prate like an
tor were I to bend my bow, (als,
I could send a Dart quite through thy proud heart
before thou could'st strike me one blow,
Thou talk'st like a Coward, the stranger reply'd ;
well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
have nought but a Staff in my hand.

The

The Name of a Coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
wherefore my long bow I'll lay by ;
And now for thy Sake, a Staff will I take,
the truth of thy Manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a Thicket of trees,
and chose him a Staff of Ground Oak ;

Now this being done, away he did run
to the Stranger and merrily spoke :

Lo! see my Staff is lusty and tough,
now here on this bridge we will play ;

Whoever falls in, the other shall win
the battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out.

This said, they fell to't, without more dispute,
and their Staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the Stranger a bang,
so hard that it made his bones ring :

The Stranger he said, this must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a Staff,
to die in your Debt, Friend, I scorn :

Then to it both goes and follow their Blows,
as if they had been thrashing of Corr.

The Stranger gave Robin a Crack on the Crown,
which caused the Blood to appear ;

Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
and follow'd his Blows more severe

So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,
with a passionate Fury and Ire ;

At every Stroke he made him to smoke,
as if he had been all on Fire.

O then in a Fury the Stranger he grew,
and gave him a damnable Look,

And with it a Blow, which laid him full low,
and tumbled him into the Brook.

I further,

I prithee, good Fellow, where art thou now ?
the Stranger in Laughter, he cry'd :
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the Flood
and floating along with the Tide.
I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,
with thee I'll no longer contend ;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the Day ;
our Battle shall be at an End.
Then unto the Bank he did presently wade,
and pull'd himself out by a Thorn ;
Which done at the last, he blow'd a loud Blast,
straightway on his fine Bugle Horn :
The Eccho of which through the Vallies did ring,
at which his stout Bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in Green, most gay to be seen,
so up to their Master they steer'd.
O what's the Matter, quoth Will. Stately
good Master, you are wet to the Skin ?
No Matter, quoth he, the Lad that you see
in fighting hath tumbled me in.
He shall not go Scot-free, the others reply'd,
so straight they were seizing him there
To duck him likewise ; but Robin Hood cries,
he is a stout Fellow, forbear.
There's no one shall wrong thee Friend be not afraid
these Bowmen upon me do wait ;
There's threescore and ten ; if thou wilt be mine,
thou shalt have my Livery straight,
And other Accoutrements fit also,
speak up jolly blade, ne'er fear ;
I'll teach you also the Use of the Bow,
to thoot at the fat Fallow Deer.
O here is my hand, the Stranger reply'd,
I'll serve you with all my whole heart,
My Name is John Little, a Man of good Mettle,
ne'er doubt me, for i'll play my Part.

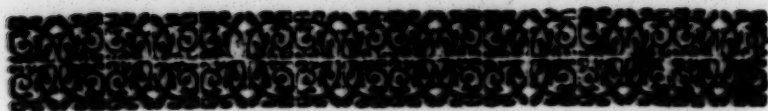
His

His name shall be alter'd quoth William Scutely,
 and I will his Godfather be ;
 Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
 for we will be merry, quoth he.
 They presently fetch'd in a Brace of fat Does,
 with humming strong Liquor likewise :
 They lov'd what was good, so in the green Wood,
 this pretty sweet babe they baptiz'd.
 He was, I must tell you, but seven Foot high,
 and may be an Ell in the Waste :
 He was a sweet Lad much feasting they had
 bold Robin the Christening grac'd.
 With all his Bowmen, which stood in a Ring
 and were of the Nottingham Breed
 Brave Scutely came then with seven Yeomen,
 and did in this Manner proceed :
 This Infant was call'd John Little, quoth he,
 which Name shall be changed anon ,
 The Words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes
 his Name shall be call'd Little John.
 They all with a Shout made the Elements ring :
 so soon as the Office was o'er
 To Feasting they went with true Merriment
 and tippled strong Liquor gillore.
 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet Babe
 and cloath'd him from top to toe.
 In Garments of Green most gay to be seen
 and gave him a curious long Bow.
 Thou shalt be an Archer as well as the best
 and range in the green Wood with us,
 Where we will not want Gold nor Silver behold,
 while Bishops have ought in their Purse.
 We live here like Squires or Lords of Renown
 without e'er a Foot of free Land
 We feast on good Cheer with Wine Ale and Beer,
 and every Thing at our Command.

Then

*Then Musick and Dancing did finish the Day :
at length when the Sun waxed low,
Then all the whole Train the Grove did refrain,
and unto their Caves they did go.
And so ever after, as long as they liv'd
altho' he was proper and tall
Yet nevertheless the Truth to express
still Little John they did him call.*





The Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale.

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
 and some of Barons bold,
 But I'll tell you how he ser-v'd the Bishop of Here-
 when he robbed him of his Gold. (ford,
 As

As it befell in Merry Barnsdale,
and under the green Wood Tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
with all his Company.
Come, kill a Ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
come, kill me a good fat Deer;
The Bishop of Hereford's to dine with me to Day
and he shall pay well for his Cheer.
We'll kill a fat Ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,
and dress it by the Highway side,
And we'll watch the Bishop narrowly,
lest some other Way he should ride.
Robin Hood dress'd himself in Shepherd's attire
and six of his Men also;
And when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
then about the Fire d d go.
O what is the matter then said the Bishop,
or for whom do you make this a-do.
Or why do you kill the King's Ven'son,
and your Company is so few.
We are Shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
and we keep Sheep all the Year,
And we are dispos'd to be merry this Day
and to kill of the King's fat Deer.
You are brave Fellows, said the Bishop,
and the King of your Doings shall know,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for before the King you shall go.
O Pardon, O Pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O Pardon, I thee pray;
For it becomes not your Lordship's Coat,
to take so many lives away,
No Pardon, no Pardon, said the Bishop,
no Pardon I thee owe,
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for before the King you shall go.

Then Robin set his Back against a Tree,
 and his Foot against a Thorn,
 And from underneath his Shepherd's Coat,
 he pull'd out a Bugle Horn.
 He put the little End to his Mouth,
 and a loud blast he did blow,
 'Till three-score and ten of bold Robin's Men
 came running all on a Row;
 All making Obeysance to bold Robin Hood;
 'twas a comely Sight to see.
 What is the Matter, Master, said Little John.
 that you blew so hastily?
 O here is the Bishop of Hereford
 and no Pardon we shall have.
 Cut off his head Master said Little John
 and through him into his Grave.
 O Pardon O Pardon said the Bishop
 O Pardon I thee pray:
 For if I had known it had been you,
 I'd have gone some other Way.
 No Pardon no Pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
 no Pardon I thee owe.
 Therefore make haste and come along with me
 for to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
 Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
 and he led him to merry Barnsdale.
 He made him stay and sup with him that Night,
 and to drink Wine beer and Ale.
 Call in a Reckoning, said the bishop
 for methinks it grows wondrous high:
 I lend me your Purse, said Little John,
 and I'll tell you by and by.
 Then Little John took the bishop's Cloak,
 and spread it upon the Ground,
 And out of the bishop's Portmanteau
 he told three hundred Pound.

Robin Hood's Garland.

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*Here's Money enough, Master, said Little John
and a comely Sight 'tis to see,
It makes me in Charity with the bishop,
tho' he heartily loveth not me.
Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
and he caused the Musick to play :
He made the bishop to dance in his boots,
and glad he could get so away.*



*Robin Hood and the valiant Knight, together
with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Fifteen Forresters.



WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry Men all,
Derry, &c.
had reigned many Years,
The King was then told, they had been too bold,
to his Bishops and noble Peers ;
hey, &c.

Therefore

Therefore they called a Council of State,
to know what was best to be done,
For to quell their Pride, or else they reply'd
the Land would be over-run.
Having consulted a whole Summer's Day
at length it was agreed
That one should be sent to try the Event
and fetch him away with speed.
Therefore a trusty and worthy Knight
the King was pleas'd to call
Sir William by Name when to him he came
he told him his Pleasure all :
Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood
and bid him without more a-do,
Surrender himself or else the proud Elf
shall suffer with all his Crew.
Take here a hundred Bowmen brave
all chosen Men of Might
Of excellent art, for to take thy Part,
in glittering Armour bright.
Then said the Knight, My Sovereign Liege,
by me they shall be led ;
I'll venture my Blood against bold Robin Hood,
and bring him alive or dead.
One Hundred Men were chosen straight,
as proper as e'er Men saw ;
On Midsummer-Day they march'd away
to conquer that brave Outlaw.
With long Yew Bows, and shining Spears,
they march'd in mickle Pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd,
'till they came to the Green Wood Side.
Said he to his Archers, Tarry here ;
your Bows make ready all,
That if Need should be, you may follow me,
and see you observe my Call.

I'll go in Person first, he cry'd,
 with the Letters of my good King,
 Both sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
 we need not draw one String.
 He wander'd about 'till at length he came
 to the Tent of Robin Hood;
 The Letter he shews; bold Robin arose,
 and there on his Guard he stood.
 They'd have me surrender, quoth bold R. Hood,
 and lie at their Mercy then?
 But tell them from me, that never shall be
 while I have full seven-score Men.
 Sir William the Knight, both hardy and bold,
 did offer to seize him there,
 Which William Locksly by Fortune did see,
 and bid him that Trick forbear.
 Then Robin Hood set his Horn to his Mouth,
 and blew a Blast or twain,
 And so did the Knight; at which there in Sight,
 the Archers came all amain.
 Sir William with Care he drew up his Men,
 and plac'd them in Battle array;
 Bold Robin we find he was not behind:
 now this was a bloody Fray.
 The Archers on both Sides bent their Bows,
 and the Clouds of Arrows flew;
 The very first Flight, that honoured Knight
 did there bid the World adieu.
 Yet nevertheless their Fight did last
 from Morning till almost Noon;
 Both Parties were stout, and loth to give out;
 this was on the last of June.
 At length they went off; one Part they went
 for London, with right good Will;
 And Robin Hood he, to the Green Wood Tree,
 and there he was taken ill.

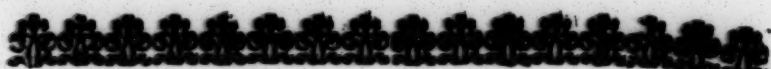
He

Robin Hood's Garland.

He sent for a Monk, who let him Blood,
 and took his Life away :
 Now this being done, his Archers they run,
 it was not a Time to stay.
 Some got on board and cross'd the Seas,
 to Flanders, France and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of their Doom,
 but soon return'd again.
 Thus he that never fear'd Bow nor Spear,
 was murder'd by letting of Blood :
 And so, loving Friends, the Story doth End
 of valiant bold Robin Hood.
 There's nothing remains but his Epitaph now,
 which, Reader, here you have
 To this very Day, and read it you may,
 as it was upon his Grave.



Robin



Robin Hood's E P I T A P H.

Set on his Tomb by the Prioress of *Birk-*
lay Monastery, in *Yorkshire*.

ROBIN Earl of Huntington,
Lies under this little Stone.
No Archer was like him so good;
His Wildness nam'd him Robin Hood,
Full thirteen Years and something more;
hese Northern Parts he vexed sore.
Such Outlaws as he and his Men,
May England never know again.

F I N I S.



